

When Everything seems lost

by Forever Me

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Summary: While out fishing, Mulch, Bucket and Hiccup get stranded on a mysterious island, far away from Berk. Why can't they leave the island, and who is the other person that seemed to live there for quite a while? This is sort of an episode of my first story Black Hollow. Rated T for just in case, contains some Hiccstrid and father/son fluff :) Enjoy!

1. Chapter 1

****A/N****

****Hey everyone!****

****Here's the first chapter of my second (third if you count the one-shot) HTTYD story! It's about Hiccup (of course...), but also about someone who will be introduced later in the story... (mystery much... :P). I hope you'll like it as much as my previous story.****

****As you probably have noticed, I uploaded a preview of this story in ****_Black Hollow_****, and this chapter contains most of that preview, plus some changed/added stuff.****

****Warning: This isn't really a sequel, think of it as a sort of episode.****

****For those who didn't read my first story and want to read this one, you might want to read that one too, because I'm going to add some stuff from it in this story!****

****Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD, I do own Smoke****

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><p>'Dad, please. I don't want to' Hiccup said. It was evening, and

everyone was preparing to hit the hay.<p>

Stoick pinched the bridge of his nose. 'Hiccup, don't you know what day it is today? Don't you know how hard this is for me? You should. Because I know today was hard for you too.'

'Yes I know how hard it is, but you don't understands. It's-'

'Hiccup! Stop it. Right now' Stoick interrupted. 'I don't want to hear it. Now go to bed.' He turned around and walked to his bedroom. Hiccup could hear him sigh twice. Sure he knew what day it was today. Sure he knew what his dad was going through. But he was going through the same! Didn't he understand? This was the night of the year Hiccup hated the most. It was the night his mother had died. Every year, on this night, Hiccup would get the nightmares. He was afraid to go to sleep. He was afraid to see it again.

Hiccup watched his father's retreating back, and sighed. Toothless purred and nuzzled his arm.

'Thanks, bud. At least you listen' Hiccup sighed. Toothless looked at him to show Hiccup that he understood. The first time Toothless was there with Hiccup this day of the year, was one year ago. Back then, Toothless didn't know how humans acted when they were having a nightmare, and he was really afraid that Hiccup was having an attack or something. But now he knew. He'd soothed Hiccup many times after that, when he'd had a nightmare, but it was never as bad as this day of the year.

Hiccup sighed again and walked up towards his room. When Toothless was sure Hiccup was lying comfortable, he went to his own stone, and heated it with his fire.

'Good night, bud' Hiccup said. _At least someone would get his rest up here tonight,_ he thought. Toothless purred and closed his eyes. Hiccup turned, so that he was laying on his side. He looked towards the wall, which was decorated with various drawings. Some were of weapons or Toothless' prosthetic, others were of his friends, dragons, villagers of Berk or Toothless sleeping. Hiccup smiled when he remembered the day his dad had praised his work. He remembered the words very well.

"Wow Hiccup, I didn't know you were this talented" was what he said. Hiccup smiled at the thought.

But that smile soon faded when Hiccup thought about the night that was about to come. He sighed, and turned around again. _I guess I have to try it at least,_ he thought. With another sigh Hiccup closed his eyes, and waited for the sleep to wash over him.

It took a while, but then Hiccup was finally asleep.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was standing at the back of his house. He knew very well what was about to happen. He watched as the back door of the house opened.

* * *

><p>The four-year old Hiccup went outside his house. He would make daddy proud. He would kill a Terrible Terror, because all the other dragons were way too big for his size. His daddy wouldn't complain anymore about him. He would be so proud that his four-year old son had killed a Terror. It was rare that such things happen, so Hiccup would be the son daddy always wanted. When he was outside, he went to look for a Terror. He held his dagger firmly in his hand. Although it was very difficult for Hiccup to spot a Terror in the dark, he managed eventually to. But before he could reach the little dragon, it noticed the child, and ran away. Disappointed, Hiccup turned around. But he froze in his tracks when he saw the huge Deadly Nadder in front of him. The dragon eyed him suspiciously. As if Hiccup would be his meal. And Hiccup had that feeling he was right.

Suddenly, Hiccup heard his mother call his name. 'Hiccup! Don't move sweetie! Mommy is coming!' Hiccup listened to what his mother had said. Hiccup didn't even blink. The Nadder got distracted a bit by the voice of Valhallarama, but it kept staring at Hiccup. But then the axe hit him. Valhallarama was breathing heavily. She had ran as fast she could, and was furious at the Nadder.

_ 'Don't you dare touch my son, you beast!' she yelled. Then she swung her axe again at the Nadder. It made an angry roar, and headed towards Valhallarama. It's pray was now the woman who had dared to hurt him._

_ 'Hiccup, hide! And don't come back until I tell you to!' Valhallarama said. Hiccup obeyed and went to the nearest bushes. He could still see his mommy and the big dragon. While his mommy had hit the dragon a few times, the dragon managed to slam her with its head and tail too. The fight went on for another two minutes. The axe was flown out of Valhallarama's hand when de dragon hit her with its tail again. She tried to grab the weapon, but that distracted her for a second. And that was a second too much. The Nadder swung its tail at Valhallarama, and this time it had its spikes standing right up. The dragon hit Valhallarama in her chest, right where her heart was. Hiccup saw it happening, right in front of his eyes. He saw his mommy collapsing to the ground. Suddenly the Nadder flew away. Once Hiccup was sure the dragon was gone, he leaped out of the bushes and ran towards Valhallarama._

_ 'Mommy, wake up! Please wake up mommy! This isn't funny!' Hiccup began to sob. He knew his mommy wouldn't wake up. The blood proved it to him. But he didn't want to believe it._

_ 'Mommy! Please don't die! Please! You can't leave me! You can't leave daddy! Please!' Then Hiccup started to cry. _

_ 'Mommy, don't go! _

* * *

><p>Hiccup waited for himself to wake up, like every year, but it didn't happen.

_ 'What is going on?' he wondered._

_ Suddenly, Valhallarama's eyes opened, and Hiccup was afraid of what

could happen next. This never happened._

'It's your fault.' Her mouth made the words, but the voice he heard wasn't Valhallarama's one. This voice was of a man, and it sounded quite familiar.

After those words were said, everything turned black. Hiccup raised his hands, and realized he couldn't see them. He brought them closer to his eyes, and slowly, he could recognize the shapes of them. The darkness scared Hiccup. He wanted to get out of this dream. No, nightmare. This was all but a dream.

'It's your fault, Hiccup. Everyone dies around you' the voice said again. Hiccup turned around again, and suddenly, the darkness was gone.

* * *

><p>He was standing in the weirdest place one could stand. He was standing under water. But not on the bottom of what must be a sea, he was standing in the middle of the water. First he didn't see anything except for the blue-greenish glow the water gave, but then he saw it. In the water was another body floating. But it didn't move.

Hiccup walked closer, although it did feel strange to actually "walk" underwater. When he was close enough to recognize the body, Hiccup stumbled backwards.

It was Smoke.

But Hiccup saw that he was dead. Drowned in the sea he fell into. The sea that could've killed Hiccup too.

'It's your fault.' Hiccup didn't want to hear Smoke's last words anymore. Hiccup turned around and tried to run away, but he realized he couldn't. His legs wouldn't move.

Suddenly, Hiccup couldn't breathe anymore. He felt the coldness of the water around him. Hiccup didn't want it, but his lungs were screaming for air. In a reflex Hiccup opened his mouth and tried to gulp in the air. But all that came in was water. He felt like a million daggers were stabbing him. Hiccup wanted to scream. Wanted to get out of the water. But he couldn't.

Slowly, his vision became black. And when Hiccup couldn't see anything anymore, his heart stopped beating.

* * *

><p>'Wake up!' Hiccup didn't understand what the man said. Someone was screaming, and that made it impossible to hear the man properly.<p>

'Wake up!' Again, Hiccup didn't understand it. _Stop screaming!_ Hiccup wanted to yell. But he couldn't. It felt like he was already talking or something.

'Hiccup! Wake up!' Realization dawned on Hiccup. He was the one screaming. And the man must be his dad.

Suddenly his eyes snapped open, and they met the same green emerald eyes of his father.

'Hiccup! Are you okay?' Stoick asked worriedly. He'd woken up from Hiccup's screaming, and thought he was being attacked or something. He'd raced out of his room and upstairs towards Hiccup, only to find his son tossing in his bed. He couldn't bear to see his son like this.

When Hiccup opened his eyes he was relieved to see his father. A second later, he was afraid he might be mad at him for waking him up. He looked up scared, and didn't say a word.

'Hiccup, answer me son' Stoick urged him. Hiccup's lip began to shiver, and before Stoick could say anything to Hiccup to soothe him, he was crying.

'I-It's a-all m-my fault' he choked out.

'Hiccup, what do you mean?' Stoick asked. He had a feeling where this was going to get, and he didn't like it a bit.

'E-everyone d-dies, be-because of m-me'

'Hiccup!' Stoick said. Hiccup flinched of the sudden loudness, and Stoick immediately continued softer. 'Hiccup, it's not your fault at all. You were just a kid. And no one will ever die because of you' Stoick said while he rubbed soothing circles on his tiny back.

Hiccup muttered something, but Stoick couldn't understand well what he said. 'What was that, Hiccup?' he asked.

Hiccup swallowed before he repeated his last comment. 'Smoke did.' It felt as if someone stabbed Stoick's heart. He didn't want to see his son like this. He used to be that energetic, bright boy. Not the saddened and depressed boy. If he only knew how to make his son feel better, even a little bit was enough.

Stoick continued to soothe his son, unable to say something that would ease the pain Hiccup must be feeling inside.

2. Chapter 2

****A/N****

****I am so so so soooooo very sorry for not updating in a while. It's just that school had taken it's toll on me, and I was a bit stuck in the story. (I wanted to put too much in one chapter, and that won't work). So now I've finally got it, and I hope you'll like it!****

****Thanks to:****

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** - Fareway19 **

** for their reviews, and to everyone who's followed/favorited/read this story so far! **

** Disclaimer: Although it would be super awesome, I don't own HTTYD **

* * *

><p>The night had passed by, and slowly Berk was starting to live again.<p>

Bucket and Mulch were up early. They'd realized that the best time to milk the yaks was early in the morning and around sunset.

'Mulch! This one won't give milk!' Bucket said. Mulch, already knowing where this was going to, sighed and turned around. When he saw the scene that was in front of him he sighed again. He walked over to Bucket, who was trying to milk a sheep.

'Bucket, when will you ever learn?' he said. Of course, he wasn't really mad. He understood that Bucket was trying as best as he could.

In an accident during a dragon raid, Bucket had smashed his head, and the only thing that could help was the bucket that was now on his head. He couldn't remember things from before the raid properly, and the only things he could memorize from that day were the people that lived on Berk and the nearby islands.

But the usual chores didn't last in his mind.

'Can you explain it to me one more time?' Bucket asked.

'Okay, listen closely, Bucket' Mulch said. He walked towards the sheep and patted it. 'Sheep give wool.'

Then he pointed towards the barn where the chickens were. 'Chickens lay eggs.'

And then he walked back towards the yak he was milking and patted it too. 'And yaks give milk. Do you understand, Bucket?'

'Uh...| Sheep give wool, chickens lay eggs and yaks give milk' Bucket responded.

Mulch nodded. 'That's right Bucket! Now let's milk the yaks together' he said.

Stoick sighed. What happened last night was something he didn't really could talk about, let alone comfort his son about. He never was that good in being a good father. Valhallarama was the one who cared for Hiccup, to make sure he was okay and that no harm came upon

him. After she died, he didn't take over that role, so Hiccup was left to handle it himself.

Sure Stoick knew that, but he didn't know how to help him.

Stoick hoped that he could distract Hiccup from all those things with what he'd planned for him.

When Hiccup came downstairs, Stoick cleared his throat, making clear that he wanted to say something.

'What is it, dad?' Hiccup asked.

'I want you to learn what people do on this island. It'll help for when you become chief' Stoick said.

'Uhm, dad, I already know that.'

'What I mean is, I want you to help people with their jobs. Since you've been in the forge for a big part of your life, you don't have to help with forging. Today you're going to help Gobber with the dragons.' Hiccup, who'd been expecting worse, let out a small, relieving sigh, but Stoick didn't notice.

'I guess that I'll be going then' Hiccup said, and he walked out of the house, and towards the forge.

He was greeted by Gobber, who was currently replacing his prosthetic hook for a pincer.

'Ah Hiccup! So you're going to help me today, but not with forging! It's just like back then, isn't it?' Hiccup smiled. Gobber was right. It was just like back then, when Hiccup first came to the forge to be Gobber's apprentice. It was two months after his mother had died, and the reason he became Gobber's apprentice was that his father didn't have the time to look after him. Well, Stoick never told him that, but Hiccup knew that was the reason.

'Are you ready, Hiccup? Because it seems like someone needs our help' Gobber said, and Hiccup turned to look. And indeed there was someone nearing the forge with his dragons. When the man was close enough he could see that it was Spitelout, with his own Monstrous Nightmare. It was a female, called Herja. She looked like she was trying hard to not set herself ablaze or do anything to harm her rider.

'Gobber, I think something is wrong with Herja's teeth. She was almost setting our house on fire, and when I couldn't find a wound or something, I thought it had to be her teeth. Would you mind to take a look?' Spitelout asked.

'Sure. Hiccup, you could help me, okay?' Gobber responded. Only then Spitelout noticed his nephew standing a few feet behind Gobber.

'Sure thing, Gobber' Hiccup said.

'Oh hi Hiccup. I see Stoick wanted you to get to know the island?' Spitelout asked.

'Yeah, he did.'

'I can remember the days your father had to do that as well. Oh I can still laugh about the sheep' Spitelout said, a smile creeping up on his face.

'The sheep?' Hiccup asked, not knowing what his uncle was talking about.

'Oh yeah! I remember too! That was some fun indeed!' Gobber said, while he was looking into the mouth of Herja.

'Do you mind explaining it to me?' Hiccup asked. Spitelout nodded, trying to hold his laughter back.

'He can tell you while you are handing me the file. I have to smooth the surface a bit, then I can take out the tooth.' Hiccup walked over towards the table where the tools laid, and took the file. He then handed it over, while looking towards Spitelout, urging him to tell the tale. Spitelout understood, and cleared his throat.

'Your father was about your age, when he had to get to know the island as well. He'd been helping the fishermen, the people responsible for the kill ring, the bakers, and the fourth day, he had to help the farmers.

It was one of the better days on Berk, so the sheep could be outside the barn. When it was around sunset, he was asked to herd the sheep inside. Well, the first three went without complaining. Another four had to be persuaded, and the only one that was left was a half-grown sheep, just separated from its mother a few days ago. Stoick had to chase it for about half an hour before he could get it inside. The little sheep knew his surroundings, and managed to escape Stoick a few times. But after the sheep was inside too, he closed the door. What Stoick didn't know, was that he'd made a yak really nervous with chasing the sheep. When he had his back turned towards the yak, it charged at him, and Stoick was thrown at full-strength into a pool of mud.' All the while it became hard for Spitelout not to laugh, but after the mud-part he couldn't stop it anymore. 'Y-you should have se-seen his face! It was hilarious. He was still getting mud out of his ears two days after it happened' he said. Hiccup heard Gobber chuckle as well, and Hiccup had a smile on his face. He was surprised to hear that his dad had failed in his life too. He seemed like the one everyone could look up to, the one that never made a mistake, and never messed up.

After two more minutes, Gobber had taken out the teeth that was hurting Herja, and laid it on the table.

'That's that! Herja is as good as new' he said while he patted said dragon. Herja purred, and after Spitelout had thanked them, she walked with him back to the Jorgenson house.

'All right. That was the first one. Did you see what I did?' Gobber asked. Hiccup nodded.

'So you think you can handle the next one?'

* * *

><p>The day went by, and some people just came by to say hello, while

others came with their dragons for a check-up or to fix their dragons teeth. Hiccup was getting the hang of it, and soon he could almost immediately see what was wrong. Some had rotten teeth, while others were loose, and some even hadâ€¦

'How, in Thor's name, would your mother's breastplate get stuck between your dragon's teeth?' Hiccup asked, still a bit surprised of what he'd to fix this time. Standing before him were Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and of course their dragon Barf and Belch.

'I don't know. I found Barf chewing on something, and when I took a closer look, I saw it was my mother's breastplate, and I couldn't get it out!' Ruffnut said, throwing her hands up in annoyance. Tuffnut only stared, a little smile stuck on his face.

Hiccup sighed. 'Okay, okay, doesn't matter. I'll just try to get it out.' He walked towards the right head that was Barf, and made the head open its mouth. There he could see it. The metal of the breastplate shimmered a little bit, and again Hiccup wondered how the dragon would manage to get something like this stuck between its teeth.

Gobber stood behind Hiccup, and watched how he tried to remove it. After fifteen minutes, and a lot of tools, the breastplate was finally out of Barf's mouth, and Hiccup gave it to Ruffnut.

'Please make sure that never gets there again' he said, and placed the tools back onto the table. Ruffnut nodded, while Tuffnut mounted Belch.

'Hey Ruff, wanna break some stuff?' he asked. A smile appeared on Ruffnut's face, and before Hiccup could stop them ,they were gone.

3. Chapter 3

****A/N****

****Hey everyone! I'm afraid that I will be uploading every once a week, sometimes faster. My maximum will be a week after I posted the last chapter. Thought you should know... :)****

****So, I finished chapter three of this story, and I hope you'll like it. In this chapter, the adventure will begin. But I won't say too much, you just have to read.****

****My thanks to _Doomsday BeamXD_ and _Phoenixofmyth_ for their reviews, and thanks to everyone who followed/favorited/read this story!**
>

****Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD****

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><p>It was sunset, and everyone started to gather in the Great Hall for dinner.<p>

After the twins, no one needed help with their dragon's teeth, so

Gobber and Hiccup had worked in the forge. Although Berk had dragons to defend them, it wasn't a bad idea to have some weaponry ready when needed. So the swords and axes were sharpened up, the bola's ready to be thrown, and Hiccup even had some time to improve his prosthetic. Hiccup managed to minimize the noise it made, and now one would have to concentrate deeply to hear it. Hiccup was glad he finally did it, because sometimes it would drive him crazy.

When Gobber had closed the windows, he turned towards Hiccup.

'Thank you for helping me, Hiccup' he said, a smile present on his face.

'Please Gobber, it's no problem' Hiccup said. First of all, he liked helping others, and second, his dad wanted him to be there.

'I don't care. Now let's get to the Great Hall to get something to eat, shall we?' Gobber asked. Hiccup nodded, and they both went to the Great Hall.

Hiccup wasn't happy at all. His dad had just told him that he would be helping Mulch and Bucket with the last fishing trip of the year, and because winter was coming, Hiccup would freeze himself to death in a little boat on the sea. But Hiccup didn't say that to his father. He knew that it would be useless. So now he was lying in his bed, wondering what the next day would be like. He knew that the last fishing trip wasn't that much of a happening, because they had enough for the village to survive the winter. But being a Viking-tribe, extra food was always welcome.

* * *

><p>'All right, Bucket. The last fishing day. Let's get the biggest catch today!' Mulch said, hoping to motivate Bucket. Sometimes he could be such a burden because he wouldn't cooperate, but Mulch was sure Bucket would have a good time today, because Hiccup was coming with them. And Bucket liked Hiccup very much.<p>

'I hope we get a lot of fish! I like fishes' Bucket said with a smile on his face.

'Well, come on then, Hiccup could be waiting for us already' Mulch responded.

'Hiccup is coming too?' Bucket asked excited.

'Yeah, did you forget? I told you yesterday.'

'Oh, I'm sorry Mulch.' Bucket looked down, ashamed that he forgot it.

'Don't apologize Bucket, it's nothing to worry' Mulch said while he waved his hand in a soothing gesture. Bucket smiled again and nodded.

'Now, let's go. There's some fish waiting for us' Mulch said, and they walked towards the docks.

* * *

><p>'So, you're ready?' Astrid asked. She and Hiccup were already on the docks, their dragons behind them.<p>

Hiccup turned around to look at Toothless. 'I guess not' he said. 'I mean, I am the weakest of all when it comes to muscles, and without Toothless...'

'Oh come on, you don't know that' Astrid said. 'You know what, I think you're going to be fine.'

And so what that you aren't as strong as the others? you have something no one else has. You're able to think before handling. I know you can handle it.'

Hiccup looked at Astrid with a small smile. 'Thanks, Astrid.' It was then that his father arrived with Gobber, Bucket, Mulch and all the other men that were going to fish with them.

'I guess there's no turning back anymore' Hiccup said and he looked at the Vikings that were gathering in front of him.

'You're ready, son?' Stoick asked. Hiccup nodded, and after his dad had wished him good luck, he went into a boat with Mulch and Bucket.

Toothless wanted to come along, but Astrid prevented him from that.

'It'll be all right bud, trust me. I'll be back before you know it' Hiccup said, and then the sign for departure was given.

* * *

><p>Hiccup looked back one more time. The island was slowly getting smaller with every row Bucket made. Bucket was humming a tune Hiccup didn't know, but he didn't really care either. Right now he had to focus on the task he was given. He and Mulch would hold the nets, where the fish would be caught in, in the water, and when enough fish were stuck, they had to pull it in. That was the worst part. Pulling the nets in was a really hard job. Count the fact that Hiccup didn't have much muscle with it, and it would be an almost impossible job if Mulch wasn't helping him.<p>

After the nets were on the ship, the fish had to be released from it, and they would be put in the baskets they had with them. Bucket would be rowing all the time, because the change he would forget to hold the nets was pretty big.

They just pulled the nets in for the eleventh time, and the baskets were almost full. Hiccup was really tired. He was surprised he'd managed to pull the nets up this time. All he wanted to do now was lay down and sleep. He didn't think he could move a muscle anymore.

Hiccup wiped the sweat from his forehead, and looked up. First he didn't notice it, but when he was about to start to put the fish into the baskets, he looked up again, realizing what he'd seen.

'Ehm, Mulch? I think we need to head back immediately' Hiccup said. Mulch looked up from the nets, and turned his gaze towards were

Hiccup was looking. And he saw that Hiccup was right. Black clouds were covering the sky really fast, almost unnatural. Bucket saw it as well, and he quickly made the boat turn around. But they weren't fast enough. Soon, the wind began to blow heavily, and waves pushed the boat into various directions. The three Vikings had to grip the sides of the boat tightly to remain some balance. The nets and baskets were gliding over the bottom of the boat when the rain started to fall. Thunder could be heard, and Hiccup thought he could see Berk at the horizon.

'Over there!' he yelled, barely audible over the howling winds. Mulch and Bucket saw it as well, and Bucket tried to row towards it. But it was almost impossible, because the tides were pushing them back to where they came from.

Suddenly, a huge wave came out of nowhere, towering high above the three Vikings in the little boat.

'Oh no' Mulch said, but no one heard him. After one more second, the wave came crashing down, and they were thrown into the cold sea.

'Mulch! Hiccup! Help!' Bucket yelled. He was trying his hardest to stay afloat, but he didn't know anymore how to swim.

Mulch had heard Buckets desperate cries, and turned towards the sound.

'Bucket! Grab that piece of the boat almost in front of you. It'll keep you afloat! I'm coming!' he responded. Bucket looked around him, and saw what Mulch meant. The boat was destroyed by the force of the waves, and a big piece was floating in front of him. Bucket tried to get a hold of it as best as he could, but with one normal hand and a prosthetic hook, it was pretty hard.

Suddenly, Bucket realized something. Hiccup wasn't there.

'Hiccup! Where are you!?' he yelled. He looked around, but saw only waves, rain and Mulch, who was nearing him. Mulch had heard what Bucket said, and looked around as well. Realization hit him. There could be only one thing why Hiccup wasn't there.

Hiccup tried to swim up as best as he could, but his luck was against him. Again. When the waved hit the boat, the boat collapsed, and broke. But that wasn't all. Due to the collapsing, Hiccup's prosthetic became tangled within the nets, and now the nets were pulling him down. The nets were already heavy, but the fish were still stuck in it, so it was much harder for Hiccup to swim up. And he was already tired from the fishing. He pushed himself up and up and up, but he didn't get far. Not even a centimeter. The further Hiccup sank, the darker it became. Above him Hiccup could see a speck, and it was coming nearer. Hiccup knew what it was. He recognized the shape, and tried to swim towards it. He was surprised when he went up a little, but just then did Hiccup realize that he was exhausted. He didn't have any energy left, and his lungs were screaming for some oxygen. After a few seconds his reflexes took over, and Hiccup's lips opened, letting the water in. Hiccup wanted to cough, but that only made things worse. His vision became blurred, and blackness was creeping into his sight. He closed his eyes, and felt nothing.

I'm so sorry, Hiccup thought. _Now Toothless can never fly with me again. I'm glad I repaired the automatic tail-fin, so that he will be free._

And I'm sorry for my dad, Gobber, Astrid and everyone else. I promised it would be okay. I guess it was all for nothing.

Mulch spotted Hiccup soon, and he became worried when he saw that he couldn't swim up towards surface. He swam down as fast as he could, but with one peg-leg and a hooked prosthetic, it was pretty difficult. But that didn't stop him. He wouldn't let the son of the chief die in such way. First of all, the boy was too young to die, and second, he really cared for him.

When Mulch had reached Hiccup, he could barely make out the features of his face, because of the darkness. Barely. He could see enough to see that Hiccup had closed his eyes, and wasn't struggling anymore. Mulch swam down a bit more, and saw the nets that were tangled around Hiccup's prosthetic leg. Mulch tried his hardest to release the leg from the nets fast, but became frustrated when he didn't succeed the first time. He mentally took a breath, and started again, this time successfully untangling the nets from the prosthetic. He grabbed Hiccup with his hooked-prosthetic, and swam back towards the surface. He could feel his lungs burning, but he didn't budge. _Almost there, don't give up!_ Mulch thought.

When he finally broke the surface, he took a large amount of oxygen, and swam towards Bucket. He tried to keep Hiccup's head above the water, to make sure he didn't breathe some water in. Mulch knew he was lucky, that he was almost too late. But he was glad that he wasn't. He took a hold of the piece of the boat Bucket was holding as well, and decided that Hiccup could lie on it, due to his small size.

'Hiccup!' Bucket gasped when he saw the boy. The moment Hiccup was thrown on the wooden surface he started to cough. After his coughing fit was over, he remained unconscious. Bucket and Mulch looked at each other, and after they gave each other a reassuring nod, they tried to swim to the nearest island they could find.

4. Chapter 4

****A/N****

****Hey everybody! I'm happy to tell you that I have another chapter for you. I'd worked on my homework really hard yesterday, and because of that, I had a lot of spare time today. And that meant that I could write a new chapter! I hope you like it, and I hope that I can upload the other chapters just as fast as this one, but I'm afraid I can't... Sorry! I guess this was just an exception (not that you mind, I think).****

****I can tell you that this story won't have as much chapters as ****_Black Hollow_****. Sorry for that too, but I just can't change that fact... :(****

****And with that said, on to chapter four!****

****Thanks to:****

**** - Doomsday BeamXD****

**** - RazzlePazzleDooDot****

**** - Phoenixofmyth (don't worry, I understand, and thanks for your support!)****

**** - Hrm94****

****for their reviews, and thanks to those who followed/favorited/read this story so far.****

****Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD****

*** * ***

><p>When Hiccup woke up, he felt a soft surface underneath him. But he couldn't tell what it was, because he had his eyes closed. It was warm, yet it was a bit wet. But he couldn't think of what it could be, because a coughing fit interrupted his thought.<p>

'Hiccup!' he heard. Was that Mulch? Since when was Mulch around? The last time Hiccup checked, he was standing on the docks with Astrid and his father.

But then everything returned. The exhausting fishing, the sudden stormâ€¦ the drowning. Hiccup remembered the terrible blackness he was in, the feeling that his lungs were burning up. And right now, with the coughing, it felt like that again.

Hiccup shot up, and tried to make the coughing stop. He felt something patting him on his back.

'Hiccup, are you okay?' Hiccup recognized the voice as Bucket's.

Finally, the coughing fit was over, and Hiccup opened his eyes. But he had to close them immediately, because the bright sunlight was blinding him. Cautiously, he opened his eyes a little bit. When the light didn't hurt him, he opened his eyes, and looked around. He was on a beach, along with Bucket and Mulch. He heard the birds chirping happily. Waitâ€¦

Birds? Hiccup didn't remember there were any birds near Berk. Those stayed away because of the dragons. So why did they return? Unlessâ€¦ this wasn't Berk.

Actually, it made sense to him. If he was on Berk, then he would be in his bed, not on the beach. And because he actually was on the beach, that meant only one thing: This was not Berk, and they were probably stranded.

'Where are we?' Hiccup asked, and he looked at Mulch and Bucket. They weren't really soaked wet anymore, so that meant they had been here for a while. Or they'd dried themselves up, but with what? No, the warmth of the sun had made them dry.

That was another thing that made Hiccup sure that this wasn't Berk.

The sun, and its warmth. It never was this warm on Berk. It was not exactly an unbearable warmth, it was a comfortable one.

'I'm sorry to say it, but I have no idea. This was the nearest island, and I guess we were a bit far from Berk when the storm started' Mulch responded to his earlier question.

'And our boat is destroyed! We'll never get back home!' Bucket said, panicking a little.

'Calm down, Bucket. We'll get home. We just have to make a boat from anything that we can find here, and then we can go home' Mulch said.

Hiccup stood up. 'Well, let's get started then' he said, but as soon as he was standing straight, his head began to throb, and another coughing fit started.

'Easy there, Hiccup. No need to hurry' Mulch said, while he patted Hiccup on the back again.

It took a while, but then Hiccup's coughing stopped. 'But there is' he said. 'We have to make something to get back home, before the sun sets. Dad would be worried sick if we don't return soon, and so will the rest of the village. Iâ€¦' Hiccup sighed. 'I don't want to disappoint him.'

So this is the real Hiccup, Mulch thought. _Sure, he has changed since the defeat of the Red Death, but everything that had happened before that, stayed in him. How the people treated him, how Stoick treated him. And it never left._ Mulch felt really sorry for Hiccup. He wanted to help him, but he didn't know how.

'Why would you disappoint him?' Bucket asked. Mulch looked at him, surprised. Bucket wasn't really that good with other's feelings, but now Mulch was proven wrong.

'Thatâ€¦ That I make a mess even of a task as simple as fishing! I guess it'll never change' Hiccup said, and he lowered his head.

'Hiccup, don't say that! I don't like what you're saying right now! You're lying' Bucket said.

'No I'm not! The gods really hate me! They love to see me in situations like these. Like, they love to give me the angst of dying, but at the very last moment, they let me live. I'm so sick of it!'

'Hiccup, stop it right now!' Mulch said. He'd never known that Hiccup thought about himself that way, and to be honest, he didn't want to either. 'The gods don't hate you. Why would they stow a fate like being the first Viking ever to befriend a dragon, and save a whole village from their deaths, upon you, if you think you're such a worthless human? Because you're not! You are special Hiccup, special in your own way.'

'Iâ€¦ I'm sorry' Hiccup said, and Mulch could see the tears welling up in the teen's eyes. Then, without warning, Hiccup turned around and ran into the woods.

'Hiccup! Don't go!' Bucket yelled, and he wanted to follow him, but Mulch stopped him.

'Don't Bucket. Hiccup needs some time for his own. He will come back, and we have to be here when he does.'

'But I want to help him' Bucket said.

'I know,' Mulch responded. 'I want to as well, but it'll be better if we leave him alone for now. You know what? If you stay here, then I will get something to make a boat or something, so that we can go home. Does that sound good?'

Bucket nodded and smiled. 'Don't worry Mulch, I'll be here!'

'You promise? I don't want to come back, and find an empty beach.'

'Yes, Mulch, I promise. As long as you come back, okay?'

Mulch smiled. 'I will, Bucket. I'll be back soon.' And with that, he turned around and walked into the woods. He looked around one more time, just to make sure that Bucket stayed where he was. He smiled when he saw his friend at the exact same spot as where he left him. When he entered the woods, he looked around.

'Okayâ€¦ I don't have a saw, hammer or nails, so first I have to find something that can resemble some ropeâ€¦' he said while he walked. He liked it to think out loud, it made his mind much clearer. Sometime Bucket would ask him to stop, because it was giving him a headache, but Mulch didn't mind.

But Mulch didn't want to wander off in his memories. He had to stay focused, otherwise it could be possible that he missed something that he could use.

* * *

><p>About half an hour had passed, and Mulch decided that he had gathered enough stuff to make a start. He walked back the path that he had come, and once he was back on the beach, he walked towards the spot where Bucket would be.<p>

But Bucket wasn't.

Instead of Bucket, Hiccup was sitting there, looking out over the sea.

'Hiccup!' Mulch said.

Hearing his name, Hiccup turned around, and saw Mulch nearing, carrying a lot of stuff in his arms. Hiccup quickly stood up, and took some wood from him. He laid the wood down in the sand, and looked behind Mulch. But he only saw the forest. 'Where's Bucket?' he asked.

'I told him to stay here. I have really no idea where he could be!' Mulch said, putting down his stuff as well. 'How long have you been here?' he asked then.

'I don't know exactly. When I returned, I found no one, and I thought you guys were somewhere in the words. But because I don't know the island, I decided it would be better to stay here, and wait for you to return.'

'Oh this is bad. No one of us knows this island. Bucket could be lost somewhere. He could be hurt. You never know with him' Mulch said, the worry clear in his voice.

'Let's search for him, together' Hiccup suggested. He knew that this meant that they couldn't build something to get home before the sun would set, and that meant that they had to stay the night on this island. How much Hiccup disliked it, he knew that he couldn't let Bucket down.

'You're right. Let's go' Mulch said, and he walked back into the woods, Hiccup following behind.

* * *

><p>It was such a pretty bird, Bucket had to follow it. He knew that he'd promised to stay on the beach, but he'd never seen such a beautiful creature before, and he wanted it as a pet. But that meant he had to chase it, and catch it. Bucket had followed the little bird into the woods, and after a while, he'd lost it. He was disappointed that the bird didn't like him, but he soon forgot about that fact when he'd noticed that he had no idea of where he was, and where he had to go to go back to the beach.<p>

'Oh no' was all he'd said. Bucket had decided to walk down a path, and hoped for the best that it would lead him back to the beach.

But time had passed, and still he wasn't on the beach.

'Hiccup and Mulch will be so worried' he said, and he looked around, trying to find something he would recognize. Something that could tell him that he was near the beach. But there wasn't anything. 'Now I'll never get back. What do I do?' he said desperately.

He walked for another while, and eventually, he stumbled upon something interesting. There was a clearing in the forest, and Bucket could see a stream flowing down. But that wasn't the thing that interested him. What interested Bucket, was that there was a little house standing near the stream. And more surprisingly, there was smoke coming from the chimney on top of it.

Not believing his luck, Bucket walked towards the house. When he came nearer, he could hear something.

No, someone. A woman, to be precisely. And that woman was singing some kind of lullaby.

Bucket couldn't decide if he would walk around the house, and ask the woman if she could bring him towards the island, or that he would ignore it and try to find it himself.

Knowing that the last option wouldn't help him, he decided to walk nearer.

'Uhmâ€| Hello?' he said. The singing stopped, and Bucket walked closer. When he walked around the corner, he saw a women with long, brown hair standing in front of him. She was holding a bucket, made of wood. She was probably filling it with the water from the stream.

But Bucket somehow, this woman seemed familiar to him. Like he knew her, but hadn't seen he for a very long time. Bucket's thoughts were answered when the women started to talk.

'Bucket, is that you?'

5. Chapter 5

****A/N****

****So... Surprised? So was I! I really didn't thought I could make another chapter so quickly. But I guess that school spared me... :).****

****Well, as you can see, I've got chapter five ready for you, and I hope you'll enjoy it! I got a little surprise for you at the end though, and I hope you'll like it!****

****My usual thanks to ****_Doomsday BeamXD _****and ****_Mycove_**** for reviewing!****

****Thanks to those who followed/favorited/read this story as well!****

****Disclaimer: I don't own anything. Well, maybe the Island, but who cares :P****

*** * ***

><p>Stoick was pacing in his house, while Gobber was sitting on a chair by the table.<p>

'They should be back by now, shouldn't they?' Stoick asked for the fourth time.

'Stoick, don't worry. It's Hiccup we're talking about' Gobber said. He wouldn't admit it, but he was worried too. But if he let Stoick know that, he would lose all hope, and Gobber knew that that wouldn't help.

'That's exactly why I'm worried, Gobber! It's Hiccup! It's like he attracts trouble' he said. Gobber opened his mouth to protest, but Stoick didn't let him. 'I know that it's not his fault, but I can and will not lose my only son. I just know something happened.' Then he gestured to Toothless, who was lying in the corner. 'He knows it!' Stoick was right. Somewhere in the afternoon, Toothless acted different. Since then he'd been always alert, and nothing happened on the island without him knowing it. The other dragons were acting nervous due to this behavior, and the teens had a hard time to calm them down.

'I if he doesn't return this evening, then I will search for him first thing in the morning!' Stoick said. Gobber stood up and walked

over towards his best friend. 'And I'll help. And I'm sure the kids do too. Well, not that they're kids anymore, but you know who I meanâ€|'

* * *

><p>'Bucket, is that you?'<p>

Bucket was surprised that this women knew who he was at the first sight. But then he remembered that she looked familiar to him as well. He was sure that he knew her name, but he couldn't come up with it.

'Bucket?' she asked, and she stepped closer, still not believing if it was really him that was standing in front of her.

And then Bucket nodded. 'That's me' he said

The woman dropped the bucket, and ran towards him. Before Bucket could even blink his eyes, he was hugged tightly by the woman.

'Oh Bucket, you have no idea how happy I am to see you!' she said.

Bucket was speechless. He still didn't exactly know who the woman was, so it was strange to be hugged so suddenly by her. The woman let go, and looked at him.

'You haven't changed at all.' Again she smiled, but suddenly her smile faded.

'How did you get here? Oh, I hope not-'

'There was a storm! A giant wave hit us while we were fishing-'

'We?' the woman interrupted, but Bucket didn't notice. He was still shocked of the events that had happened lately, and now he was finally letting go of those feelings.

'and we got stranded. Our boat was destroyed, and-' The woman interrupted him again.

'Us? Who else is with you?' she asked.

'Mulch and Hiccup, but-'

'Hiccup?! Iâ€| I can't believe itâ€|' she looked like she was ready to faint.

'Are you okay?' Bucket asked. He supported her, so that she wouldn't fall.

'Y-yes, I'm fineâ€| I guess.' She gave Bucket a reassuring smile, and looked at him. 'Where are they?'

Bucket suddenly felt uncomfortable, and he looked down at his feet.

'I don't know' he said softly. Then he raised his voice into a

desperate one.

'I just saw that pretty bird, and I want to be friends with it! But it flew away. I tried to follow it, but I lost it. I didn't know the way back to the beach! And now I'm here! Oh, Mulch would be so worried!' Hi put his hands- well, hand and hook- in front of his face, while he continued to keep his head down.

'Bucket, don't worry. I can help you, I know the way' the woman said. Than a sad smile appeared on her face. 'After all, I've been here for twelve years.'

* * *

><p>After they'd searched for a really long time, the sun started to set. Mulch and Hiccup where somewhere in the woods, and they still hadn't found any sign of Bucket.<p>

Hiccup tried to hide the yawn that was trying to escape his mouth, but Mulch noticed it anyway.

'Okay, I think it's time to return to the beach' he said. Hiccup looked at him, and Mulch could see I his eyes that he disagreed.

'But we haven't found Bucket yet. And you know him. What if he gets into trouble?' Hiccup argued.

'Bucket is smart enough to know that about an hour after sunset he needs to get to sleep. He'll make sure that he's out of danger before he does that, and thus we can go looking for him first thing in the morning.

'But-' Hiccup said.

'No buts. Your father would've said the same thing.' That made Hiccup stop protesting.

'I wonder if he's worried about usâ€¦ About me' Hiccup said.

'Of course he is! You're his son, why wouldn't he? Be worried?' That, Hiccup didn't know. He just shrugged, and stared ahead of him.

'Let's go back to the beach, okay?' Mulch suggested. Hiccup nodded, and let out another yawn.

They started to follow the path they had walked before they pause. Hiccup had marked some trees with his dagger, so they just had to follow the trees with an X on it. That way they wouldn't get lost.

* * *

><p>When they'd reached the beach, the sun was fully under. Hiccup and Mulch said down near the pile of wood Mulch had gathered before.<p>

'Wait here, I get some other wood to make a fire' Mulch said, and he walked towards the edge of the forest.

After a few minutes he returned. He'd gathered a pile of branches, and now he was setting them in the right position.

But then he stumbled upon a problem.

'Ehmâ€¦ You don't have a fire-breathing dragon hidden in your pocket, do you?' Mulch asked Hiccup. Normally, Vikings had stones to help them make fire, but Mulch didn't have them with him at the moment.

'Wait, let me do that' Hiccup said, and took two branches. Mulch wondered what Hiccup was going to do with them, but then he saw him rubbing them against each other.

'Ehmâ€¦ What are you doing?' Mulch asked.

'Just wait for it' was all Hiccup said. Mulch focused on the branches, but he couldn't think of that could happen.

But after a while, smoke started to form from the branches, and suddenly, a fire lit.

'Amazing!' Mulch said surprised. Hiccup smiled, and sat back. Mulch could see the bags that were starting to appear under the teen's eyes.

'Okay, and now you have to go to sleep.' Hiccup nodded, and lay down onto the sand of the beach.

'Good night, Mulch.'

'Good night, Hiccup.'

* * *

><p>It didn't take long for Hiccup to fall into the much needed sleep. Mulch smiled at the sight of the sleeping teen, and sat down near the fire as well. A few times he looked at the forest, hoping that Bucket would appear.<p>

But he didn't.

Mulch sighed, and he hoped that his friend would be okay.

He leaned back, and looked up to the stars. They were really beautiful this night. Maybe it was because there were no clouds blocking their light. Or maybe it was because he was on a whole different island. Mulch didn't know, but he didn't really care either.

He sat there for a few minutes, staring, but then he heard something. A rustling sound came from the forest, and Mulch focused his gaze at the direction the sound came.

'Who's there?' he asked. Not too loud of course, he didn't want to wake Hiccup.

No response came, and Mulch stood up.

'Who are you?' he asked again. In his hand he held his dagger firmly,

ready to attack anything that could do them harm. He saw two silhouettes nearing him, and he went into defending stance.

'Mulch? It's me, Bucket!' he heard Bucket saying. Mulch let out a sigh of relief. But then he remembered Hiccup.

'Shhh, be quiet. You'll wake Hiccup. He's finally asleep, and I would like to keep it that way.'

Then the other silhouette spoke. 'Hiccup?' Mulch was surprised to hear that voice. He hadn't heard it sinceâ€¦

Bucket and the other silhouette, which was a woman, by the way, stepped into the light the fire provided, and Mulch couldn't believe what he was seeing.

'Impossible' he mumbled.

The woman that was standing before him, was none other than Valhallarama.

* * *

><p>AN**

So... What do you think?

I know, some of you might be like: Huh? I thought she died in that memory from **_Black Hollow_****? Well, obviously not, and I'll explain it next chapter. Although it might look like a bit too unrealistic, I don't care :P.**

I'll see you next time!

Forever Me

6. Chapter 6

A/N

Hey there! I've got another chapter for you! I'm sorry you had to wait so long for it, but at least I could keep it within my seven-days-after-the-last-post limit :).

** - Saphirabrightscale**

** - RisingStar313**

** - Ninjago123**

** - Caramel-Rose**

** - RazzlePazzleDooDot**

** - toothlessaddict**

** - Doomsday BeamXD**

**Thank you for your amazing reviews, I couldn't stop smiling when I

read them!**

And of course thanks to everyone who's followed/favorited/read this story so far!

Disclaimer: I don't own anything from HTTYD

* * *

><p>She didn't know how to feel. Happy, that she had her son back? Or should she be sad, because he was stranded here, and couldn't go back anymore?<p>

Oh, how many times she'd tried to go back to Berk. But all her attempts failed. She was glad that she now had company, but what would Stoick think? Was he worried? She hoped so. She knew he wasn't that good with raising Hiccup as she was, but they would've formed some father-son connection, wouldn't they?

Valhallarama looked at Hiccup. He was stirring in his sleep, and she thought that he was cold. So she sat down next to him, and laid his head on her lap. She gently stroked the bangs of his hair out of his face. His hair had the same auburn color as hers, and his eyes... Those beautiful emerald green eyes, the ones Stoick had too. She smiled at the thought of her husband. Every night she would look up to the stars, and wonder if he'd thought about her. If he missed her so bad as she missed him.

Her thought were interrupted by Hiccup. He mumbled, and stirred more. Valhallarama was worried. Hiccup had frowned his brows, and she could see he had a bad dream.

Suddenly, Hiccup tried to turn in his sleep. But because Valahallarama was holding him, he couldn't. Instead he turned his head.

'No...' he mumbled. Valhallarama put her arms around her son and held him close.

'Shhh, it's all right, it's all right,' she said. She planted a kiss on his head and hugged him.

'Not my... Not my fault,' Hiccup mumbled. Valhallarama wondered why he said that.

'No!' Hiccup suddenly said loudly.

Bucket and Mulch, who had been dozing off a little, sat up and looked around. Their weapons were drawn, and the two Vikings were looking for any danger.

When they didn't see any, they turned and looked at Valhallarama. Then Mulch saw Hiccup, and sighed.

'He's having them again,' he said.

Valhallarama looked up from Hiccup. 'Again?' she asked. Mulch nodded.

'He's been having nightmares a lot lately,' he said. 'Ever since that

fight on Outcast Island-'

'Outcast Island? What happened?' Valhallarama asked. Well, more like demanding. She looked worriedly from Mulch and Bucket to Hiccup, and back.

'No! No. Everyone dies...' Hiccup murmured.

'What does he mean with that?' Valhallarama asked, now really worried for her son.

'I... I'm not sure. Stoick only talked to Gobber about these things, and I'm not someone who interferes with everyone's business,' Mulch said. He was worried too. He knew that Hiccup was having nightmares, he'd heard him once. He didn't really know why anymore, but he was in the village late at night, and he could hear Hiccup scream.

But never had he heard what Hiccup was saying right now.

'No! Leave me alone!' Hiccup yelled. He was shuddering heavily now, and he had his fists clutched firmly. 'No! Go away, Smoke!'

Valhallarama hugged Hiccup tight, and said soothing things to him, hoping that he would calm down in his sleep. But it didn't help. He kept saying and yelling things, and he still tried to toss his body within Valhallarama's grip.

And then, he started to sob.

'Hiccup...' Valhallarama said soothingly. She didn't know what else she could do to calm him down, neither did Bucket or Mulch. She wanted him to wake up, to no longer feel and experience the things he did in his dream. But she knew that she had to leave Hiccup asleep. It would be the best for all of them.

So they sat around the fire, and soon, their eyelids began to grow heavy. Valhallarama looked down at Hiccup one more time, and noticed that he'd calmed down. She smiled a little, and then she, Bucket and Mulch fell asleep.

* * *

><p>The warmth of the sun woke Hiccup up. But that wasn't the only thing. He hadn't opened his eyes yet, but he could feel that someone was holding him. And judging by the steady breaths, that someone was asleep. Hiccup opened his eyes, and saw that the person that was holding him was a woman.<p>

First he didn't think much of it, but then the question came. Since when was there a woman with them? Hiccup was wide awake now. Carefully, he tried to get out of the hold the woman held on him, without waking her up. He was surprised he actually succeeded in that. He yawned and stretched his arms. When he looked at the woman who'd held him, he gasped.

'No...' he murmured. It couldn't be. That woman... She looked exactly like... Valhallarama. His mother. The woman who, Hiccup was sure of it, had died when he was four years old. _Because of me,_ he thought. He felt the tears forming in his eyes, and he wanted to be alone

right now. Alone, so that he could think. Because that was what Hiccup did when he was distressed. Thinking made his mind somehow clear.

So Hiccup turned on his heels, and ran away. He ran as far as he could before he collapsed, sobbing.

* * *

><p>When Valhallarma woke up, it seemed like nothing was wrong. But then she noticed that Hiccup wasn't in her arms anymore. She shot up and looked around, the worry clear on her face.<p>

'Hiccup?' Nothing. But her yelling woke Mulch and Bucket up. They were startled at first, but then they saw what was going on, and they started to call Hiccup's name as well.

'It's no use,' Valhallarama said, and she lowered her gaze towards the sand that was beneath her feet.

'Now don't you give up so easily,' Mulch said. 'Let's split up, and after an hour, we'll meet return to this... Ehm... Camp! Yes, after an hour we'll return to this camp, okay?' he asked. Valhallarama nodded, and with that they started to look for Hiccup.

* * *

><p>Bucket decided to search on the beach, because he knew that he definitely get lost in the woods, and he didn't want that to happen again.<p>

It was a bright day, and the sun's light reflected on his bucket. He looked up and saw no clouds covering the blue sky. That happened rarely on Berk, so Bucket enjoyed the sight. It made the sky seem as if nothing could harm it, yet it looked really fragile. Just one tiny cloud could interrupt the vast blue, and the sky wouldn't look pure anymore. He looked down to the beach, and when he started walking again, he saw a blob in the distance. When Bucket came closer, the blob formed into the shape of a person. Soon Bucket realized the person was Hiccup.

Hiccup was sitting on the beach, hugging his knees and looking up to the sky.

Bucket fastened his pace, and with one more minute he'd reached him.

'Hiccup?' he asked. Bucket saw that Hiccup was startled by the sudden call.

'Oh, I'm so sorry Hiccup! I didn't mean to scare you,' Bucket said, while he walked in front of the teen.

Hiccup shook his head, and looked down when he saw Bucket standing in front of him. 'No, it's okay Bucket,' he said. His voice sounded a bit raspy, and Bucked tried to see Hiccup's face. He had to duck a little, but then he could see his face. His eyes were red and swollen, and Bucket was worried for the teen. 'Hiccup? What's wrong?' he asked while he sat down.

After he'd said that, Hiccup started to sob, and soon the tears were flowing from his cheeks.

'Hiccup?' Bucket said, and he moved closer towards him, so that he was sitting next to him. He wrapped an arm around the teen. 'Please Hiccup, stop crying. I don't like to see you cry,' he said.

Hiccup leaned against Bucket, and pressed his face against Bucket's shoulder.

Bucket started to pat him gently on the head, and made soothing sounds. 'It's all right Hiccup. It's all right. Just calm down. It'll be okay,' he said, although Bucket didn't know exactly why Hiccup was so sad.

'I thought...' Hiccup said. 'I th-thought she was d-dead.' He lifted his head from Buckets shoulder to wipe away the tears. 'I saw her die!' he suddenly yelled, and Bucket flinched of the sudden noise.

'After all those years,' Hiccup said when he'd calmed down a little. 'I couldn't stop thinking that I...' Hiccup continued on a whispering tone. 'That I killed her.'

Bucket didn't understand what Hiccup meant, and shook his head, hoping the answer would pop into his mind. But it didn't. 'Hiccup, who are you talking about?' he asked instead.

'For twelve years,' Hiccup continued, as if he'd never heard Bucket's question. 'For twelve years I had to face my father. To see the look in his eyes. The disappointment that was in them. The look that always held the blame he gave me,' Hiccup said. He wiped away the last tears, and took a breath before he continued. 'He never told me he was disappointed, but I could see it. I could _feel_ it.'

And after twelve years, I find myself waking up in _her_ arms. The woman I thought was dead!' Hiccup looked up towards the sky after he'd said that. 'If she'd been alive, why hadn't she come back earlier? Was she disappointed in me too? Does she hate me for killing her?' Hiccup looked at Bucket, and Bucket saw the sadness they seemed to hold.

'Does she? Does mom hate me?' Hiccup asked.

Bucket saw that Hiccup desperately wanted him to say no. To say that his mother had loved and missed him every day. And it made Hiccup happy that he could actually say that to him, because it was true. It all was true, Bucket was sure of it. 'No Hiccup,' he said. 'She doesn't hate you at all. In fact, she was scared to death when se realized you were gone this morning.'

Hiccup had looked down at the beach while he was waiting for Bucket to answer his question, and when Bucket said it, his head shot up and he looked at Bucket, his eyes full of hope. 'Really?' he asked. Bucket smiled at how Hiccup looked right then. It made him think of how Hiccup was when he was little... Well, littler. Always curious about the most random things, seeing an adventure in everything he stumbled upon. And Bucket felt sorry for him that he'd been through so much misery in his life.

'Really,' Bucket said. A little smile appeared on Hiccup's face, and suddenly, he hugged Bucket tightly.

'Thank you, Bucket,' he said.

'Now, let's go back to the camp, maybe Mulch and Valhallarama are back by now,' Bucket said, while he patted Hiccup on the back. Hiccup nodded, and he let go of him. And together, they went back to the camp.

7. Chapter 7

When Bucket and Hiccup returned, they found the camp still abandoned.

'They'll be back soon,' Bucket said. He sat down and closed his eyes, enjoying the warm breeze that blew across the camp. The birds that were flying around reminded Bucket of the dragons back on Berk. He looked at Hiccup, and saw that said teen was nervously fidgeting with his fingers. He seemed deep in his thought, and didn't care about his surroundings at the moment. All that he could think of was what his mother would think of him. He wanted so badly to believe everything Bucket had said, but he still had some doubts about it. Because deep inside, he knew it was all his fault. If he hadn't gone out that night, if he hadn't tried to kill that stupid Terrible Terror, this never would've happened. She wouldn't have died- well, she actually didn't die at all- and they would have lived happily ever after. The more Hiccup thought about it, the more nervous he became.

He didn't see Valhallarama coming out of the forest, so he was startled when he'd heard his name being yelled. He looked up and saw his mother running towards him. The knot that had been in his throat became tighter, and he was afraid that when it would be just a little tighter, he might choke.

Hiccup stood up, and as soon as he was fully standing, he was held in a bone-crushing hug.

'Oh Hiccup, I'm so glad you're okay!' Valhallarama said. 'Where have you been? I thought I'd lost you again.'

Hiccup was trying hard to not let the tears escape. He was just so happy and overwhelmed to see his mother- whom he had presumed was dead- again. But the guilt he felt inside wouldn't leave him alone, and he kept thinking of how angry she should be with him. She shouldn't be hugging him. She should yell at him, tell him that it was all his fault, and it really was, if you'd ask him. That she would be better off without him.

But she didn't. And Hiccup couldn't understand why. It frustrated him.

Valhallarama let go of Hiccup, and looked in his eyes. She saw the sadness, and she felt the same, because she had been away from him for so long. He had to grow up without her, thinking she was dead.

'Hiccup...' she said, and she stroked his auburn hair. 'You've grown so much. I'm so proud of you, sweetheart.'

Hiccup suddenly took a step back, and shook his head. 'No! You shouldn't be proud!' he yelled. As on cue, some clouds drifted in front of the sun, taking its light with them.

'But Hiccup, why wouldn't I be proud?' Valhallarama asked, not understanding what he was talking about.

Bucket stood on the sideline, watching. He didn't know how to react, and he couldn't help but feel useless.

'You shouldn't be proud of me, because it's my fault. You know it... Dad knows it... Everyone knows it! It's that obvious! If I just stayed home, instead of chasing a stupid little dragon you wouldn't...' Hiccup took a shaking breath. 'You wouldn't have...' He couldn't say it. First of all because she didn't die at all, but second he was afraid that she would agree with him, and be angry, or even worse: disappointed.

'Honey, it's okay. It's not your fault at all. Odin wanted it to be that way. And besides,' Valhallarama said, while she smiled a little. 'I'm alive, and well, aren't I?' she asked, and she blinked. Hiccup felt a little relieved, but he still had some questions though.

Just when he was about to ask, Mulch returned to the camp as well. 'Hiccup! You're okay. You got us all really worried and-' he started, but then he saw him and his mother standing in front of each other. Their expressions told him enough. He kept his mouth shut and moved over to Bucket.

All the while Hiccup hadn't really paid attention to it, and he kept looking at his mother. One peculiar question was floating in his mind right then, but he wasn't sure if he really wanted to know the answer.

'Then why didn't you come back?' he asked eventually.

Valhallarama tried to ignore the hurt in his eyes, but it was easier said than done. 'Because I couldn't,' she said. 'Don't think I didn't want to, because I did. Really bad.' She saw that Hiccup was confused at that comment, but then again, who wouldn't be? Valhallarama decided that this was the best moment to tell them what had happened to her.

'It's going to be a long story, I think. But it'll make you understand my situation,' she said. _And yours now too, _she thought after that. Hiccup, Mulch and Bucket nodded, and after they'd sat down, Valhallarama began her story. 'I suppose you remember the dragon raid where I saved you from that Nadder?' She asked first. Hiccup nodded again. Of course he would remember. Why wouldn't he?

'I was fighting a Gronckle when I saw that Nadder flying towards our house. You were still there, and I was afraid the Nadder would set the house on fire, with you still in it! I got rid of the Gronckle quickly, and ran towards our house. I was so afraid to lose you, and when I saw you in front of that Nadder, I didn't know that to do at first. Time stood still for a moment. Well, at least in my opinion it did. But then I realized what the consequences would be if I didn't make sure the Nadder would leave you alone.

I told you to hide, because I didn't want you to see me kill a dragon, or see a dragon kill me. The Nadder was a pretty good fighter, and I had a hard time to keep up with it. But then I heard something coming from the bushes and I thought it was another dragon. That little moment of distraction was enough for the Nadder to slam me with it's tail, and one spike embedded itself in my left shoulder- later I would find out it was just above my heart- and soon I lost consciousness because of the huge amount of pain and blood loss.

But I remember seeing you you, Hiccup. I was glad you were unharmed, and I hoped it would stay like that.

I knew I was dying, and I knew that you had to fight for yourself. I knew how harsh the others could be to you. But I also knew that you were able to handle it,' Valhallarama said, and she gave a smile to Hiccup, who was currently staring at the ground, trying not to cry because of the terrible memories that were replaying itself in his mind.

He sighed and looked up. 'There was a dragon in the bushes. It was the Terror I wanted to kill. I was trying to prove myself worthy to dad.'

* * *

><p>'Okay, that's it,' Stoick said while he looked at his best friend. 'I've listened to you. I've waited for Thor knows how long for Hiccup to return, and now I'm going to find him, and bring him back safely.'<p>

'And no, I won't wait for another hour Gobber! I've waited long enough. I just know something has happened to Hiccup, and I won't rest until I find him!' he interrupted Gobber before he could say anything.

'I wasn't trying to make you wait a little longer. I want to help you Stoick. Ya know how fond I am of him,' he said, while he looked towards the room he'd given the teen when he first came to the forge. It was so he could be alone, to think, or to invent some stuff. But now when he was gone, it looked so empty, so meaningless. 'And you should ask the others to help you as well,' he suggested. Stoick nodded, and went out of the forge, probably to the academy, where the other teens would be.

'Don't worry Hiccup. I'll come for you,' Stoick said.

8. Chapter 8

A/N

Here's another chapter for you! I'm so happy I could finish it today! In this chapter things will be explained, and plans are being made. So I hope you'll like it!

I'm sorry to tell you guys, that this story will definitely not be as long as **_Black Hollow_****, and I apologize for that. I just didn't plan on making a sequel/episode after ****_Black Hollow,_**** and I'm glad I could make this far already.**

****Thanks to:****

**** - Doomsday BeamXD****

**** - Phoenixofmyth****

**** - mycove****

****for the reviews, and also thanks to those who followed/favorited/read this story. It means a lot to me!****

****Disclaimer: I don't own anything****

*** * ***

><p>Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout and the twins were at the Academy, but they didn't know what to do. Everything was just different without Hiccup. And because Stoick asked- no, demanded them to stay near the island, they couldn't do anything to help Hiccup.<p>

But there was something else that the teens desperately wanted to change. Since Hiccup's gone, it became harder and harder to get Toothless to eat. He just missed Hiccup so much. He wouldn't leave their room. The only thing he did, was lying on his rock and looking at Hiccup's bed, as if he was hoping that Hiccup would be there the next day when he woke up.

Astrid visited him as much as she could. She tried to cheer him up, even if it was just a little bit. But everything she tried was in vain. And Astrid knew it.

She couldn't cheer him up, because she couldn't even manage to cheer herself up. Every day when she woke up, she looked out of her window, hoping to see the black blur that were Toothless and Hiccup, enjoying their morning flight. But all she ever saw the past few days was the empty sky.

And now, they were at the Academy. Everyone, even Snotlout, was sick of not being able to do anything. They wanted to look for Hiccup, to see that he, Mulch and Bucket were all right. That they'd just snuck away for a little vacation without anyone knowing.

But they knew that wasn't the truth. Hiccup would never leave them worried on purpose. And so wouldn't Bucket and Mulch do that.

'I say we go now and look for them,' Snotlout said, while he slammed his fist at the nearest wall. Just too late did he realize that that wouldn't be such a great idea. After his fist made contact with the hard, stone wall, he hissed and held his hand in his other one. 'Ow ow ow, that hurt!'

'Iâ€|' Fishlegs said, 'Who knows what happened? Maybe one of them, or all of them are really hurt! I can't believe I'm saying this, but I agree with Snotlout.'

Astrid wished he didn't say that they could be hurt. But she knew she couldn't deny the possible truth. She just hoped it wasn't.

'Where do you agree on?' The teens turned around and they didn't like what they saw. Before them stood Stoick. And they were just about to ignore Stoick's, the Chief's, orders.

'Uhmâ€| Iâ€| Ehmâ€|' Fishlegs stammered. Astrid was surprised that he hadn't blurted their plan out already. She was beginning to hope that they could mislead the Chief by lying to himâ€|

'We're going to look for Hiccup, Mulch and Bucket!' Tuffnut said. He then received a hard punch on the arm by his sister.

'Shut up you idiot!' she said, but it was too late. Everyone looked fearful at Stoick, dreading the moment when he would burst out, and yell at them for ignoring his others.

But he didn't. 'Me and Gobber are coming with you,' he said. Astrid couldn't believe what she was hearing. They could finally go and search for Hiccup! She couldn't wait to see him again, hopefully healthy and all.

'We'll meet here over half an hour. Make sure you're prepared,' Stoick said before he walked away, probably getting Thornado and some supplies for the search party.

* * *

><p>'I was trying to prove myself worthy to dad,' Hiccup said. Valhallarama sighed at that. She remembered how Stoick sometimes would complain about Hiccup being so small and scrawny. For him being everything but a Viking. And she knew that Hiccup sometimes heard it. And while she was stuck on this island, she wondered how things were going between her husband and her son. She hoped that they could oversee the differences, and have a bond a father and his son should have. But deep inside, she knew that wasn't happening.<p>

'It's okay Hiccup,' she finally said. She knew that he hadn't said anything that told her it was all his fault, but she knew he felt that way. She wasn't sure if this was the right moment to cheer him up again, so she decided to continue with her story.

'I must have passed out after the Nadder attacked me, because when I woke up again, I was on this beach. When I saw the wrecked pieces of a wooden raft, I realized that you believed I was dead. I didn't know how I could be alive, because when someone dies, their body it shipped of the island, and the raft they're one is set on fire.'

'It rained. Dad didn't want to wait for the rain to stop, so we continued with the ceremony, without setting the raft on fire,' Hiccup said. 'But I don't understand it. I saw you dying, and overheard dad saying that he couldn't find a pulse. You died in front of our eyes.' Hiccup looked at her, and Valhallarama didn't know what to say. She didn't really know why she was alive either. She had always been thinking one thing.

'Maybe the Gods have been merciful, and decided to let me live. Maybe that was why it was raining. To give me another chance to live. But I guess we won't know.'

'But that doesn't answer the question as to why you didn't return,' Mulch said. Valhallarama nodded, and started to explain.

'I tried many times to leave this island. But every time I did, I was stopped. You see, there are three Scauldrons living in the waters of this island. I don't know why, but they wreck everything that can make someone leave this island. I've tried to fight them, but I always ended up on the beach. There is no way for anyone to leave this island. The Scauldrons will stop you.'

Hiccup couldn't believe what he was hearing. He'd thought that there was something mysterious preventing anything to leave this island, but that thing being three Scauldrons? If he could train them, then they could get away from this island. They could get back to Berk.

'Hiccup,' Mulch said, and a smile was on his face. 'You thinking what I'm thinking?' Hiccup smiled too, and nodded. Bucket was still trying to get the pieces together, and Valhallarama looked just confused.

'What are you thinking?' she asked. Hiccup looked back at her, and seeing him smile made Valhallarama happy. But she still wanted to know what was going on.

'I think it's time to tell you my story, mom,' Hiccup said. Valhallarama sat down, and was ready to listen closely to what he was going to tell.

'I think you've seen my leg, haven't you?' Hiccup asked, and he moved his left leg a little. Yes, Valhallarama had seen it, but she had been afraid to ask. Maybe something terrible happened, and thinking about that could be depressing for Hiccup. The only one who ever lost a limb -or in Gobber's case, two limbs- were Mulch, Bucket and Gobber. And they all lost their limbs thanks to dragon attacks.

'I lost it while I was fighting a dragon,' Hiccup said. 'But it wasn't just some random dragon who was raiding our village.'

We don't have any dragon raids anymore. Because when the last raid was going on, I shot down a Night Fury. But I couldn't kill him, so I tried to become friends instead. And it worked. Dad went on another search for the Nest, and in that month that he was away, he sent me to dragon training. What he didn't know, was that I was bonding with the Night Fury, whom I've called Toothless. Everything I learned from Toothless, I used in the ring. I learned that dragons weren't the ferocious beasts we thought they were. Me and Toothless, we became best friends. By that time, we were each other's only friend. We relied on each other. I learned Toothless to fly again, because when I shot him down, he lost one of his tailfins. A made a new one, so that he could fly with my help.

Astrid discovered our secret, and she wanted to tell it to the village. I stopped her by sort of kidnapping her, and took her on a flight with Toothless. She turned out to be okay with Toothless. But after a while, Toothless took us to the nest. There, we found out that there was this huge dragon, the Red Death. It turned out that the dragons that raided our village needed their catch to offer it to the dragon. It's just like Astrid said. It's a gigantic beehive. The Red Death was the queen, the dragons her workers. If the dragons didn't bring her enough food, they would be dead.

The day after Astrid and I discovered the nest, I had to kill my first dragon. Instead of killing the Monstrous Nightmare, I tried to show everyone what dragons really were. But they wouldn't listen. And when dad slammed his hammer against the bars of the ring, the Nightmare went nuts. The control I had was gone, and the Nightmare wanted to kill me. And he almost succeeded, if Toothless didn't hear my screams. But he did, and he came all the way to the village to save me. But that triggered the other Vikings to kill him. I can understand it, because no one's ever seen a Night Fury, or never survived one. So killing it would be amazing. But instead of killing him, dad used Toothless to guide him to the Nest. All because I blurted out only a dragon could find it. Almost everyone went to the Nest, not knowing, nor listening to me, about the Giant dragon that would be their death.

Astrid convinced me to make up a plan after everyone had gone to the Nest, and I did. I trained the dragons that were held in the ring for the other teens, and after they could ride them, we went to the Nest as well.

When we reached it, every dragon had fled, except for the Red Death. We managed to distract her, and Astrid helped me to get to Toothless, who was trapped on one of the ships the Red Death set ablaze. Once I was up in the air with him, we challenged the Red Death, and in the end, we defeated her. But when we did, I ended up with losing my leg.

Now we live in peace with the dragons, and we even have a Dragon Academy, where we learn more and more about dragons every day,' Hiccup said. Valhallarama had listened very closely to what Hiccup had to say, and she was shocked to discover such a thing about dragons.

'So you're saying that we could tame those Scauldrons?' she asked.

'No. No dragon can be tamed. But they can be trained. They can learn how to live with people, and they can learn to interact with them,' Hiccup explained. 'So I can try to train the Scauldrons, and then we can leave this Island.'

9. Chapter 9

****A/N****

****Yes! I've got another chapter. Again, I'm sorry for the delay. I tried my hardest to finish this as quick as possible, without writing a terrible chapter. So here it is! I hope you'll like it!****

****Thanks to:****

**** - phoenixofmyth****

**** - CeCdancer****

**** - Doomday BeamXD****

**** - mycove****

****for their reviews, and of course, thanks to all who's followed/favorited/read this story!****

****Disclaimer: I own nothing****

* * *

><p>Stoick, Gobber and the teens had paired up. This way, they could cover more areas in less time, and the chances to finding the three missing Vikings would be slimmer. Astrid was paired up with Snotlout, Fishlegs with Gobber "who was riding the Nadder from We are Family pt. 2 -, and Ruffnut and Tuffnut went with Stoick.

'Now, if you find anything, one of you will get the others, while the other stays where you've found that something. Understood?' Stoick asked. They all nodded, and then they went their separate ways.

* * *

><p>After half an hour, Fishlegs and Gobber found something they didn't really like much. In the water below them they found a pretty big piece of a boat, and when they took a closer look, they could make out Berk's crest.<p>

'Oh my" Gobber said. 'We need to get Stoick. You wait here, I'll get him. I'm afraid that Meatlug isn't really suited to get them fast,' he said while he smiled sympathetically, but Fishlegs didn't notice; he was too focused on the piece of the boat.

'Yeah, yeah" Go" I'll be here,' he said, not even once looking up. Gobber nodded "although Fishlegs didn't really see it "and went to get the others.

Fishlegs looked up to see them get smaller and smaller the further they went, and when he couldn't see them anymore, he looked back at the piece of the fishing boat Hiccup, Mulch and Bucket were presumably in.

But then he noticed something else. On the left side he could see a mark, made by a claw. It was kind of familiar to Fishlegs, but because he couldn't remember what it was, he became a little frustrated.

'Meatlug, do you recognize this?' he asked, and he held the piece so that she could see the claw mark clearly. The fact that Hiccup, Mulch and Bucket were probably attacked wasn't really helpful for Fishlegs worries, but he knew he had to stay calm.

Meatlug roared, indicating that she indeed recognized it, but the bad thing was that Fishlegs couldn't really understand what she was saying. All he could understand was that Meatlug didn't like the dragon, judging by how furious her roar was.

Fishlegs turned the piece a bit, to see it from a different angle, but it still didn't ring any bells.

When he turned the piece back, realization hit him. He knew from which dragon those claw marks were, and he was now feeling really worried about the missing Vikings.

'They were attacked' Fishlegs mumbled, 'By a Scauldron!'

* * *

><p>'So you're saying that you're going to train these Scauldrons?' Valhallarama asked. Hiccup nodded. He couldn't believe it would be this simple to get off the island.<p>

'No! No way I'm letting you near those beasts. They'll kill you if you get too near to them!' Valhallarama knew how dangerous they could be. She didn't forget the fact that their fangs were poisonous. What if they bite Hiccup? He could get really sick, or worse'!

'They won't if I can show them that we mean no harm,' Hiccup argued back.

Mulch raised his hands and said: 'I'm with Hiccup. I mean, he's best friends with a Night Fury! A dragon we used to call _the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself_! If he do that, then I'm sure he'll do fine with these Scauldrons.' Bucket nodded and stood next to Mulch, indicating that he agreed with him.

'But what if-' Valhallarama spluttered.

'Mom, trust me. It'll be all right, I promise.' Hiccup said reassuring.

'Well'! Okay then,' she said, 'But I'm still not comfortable with it.' It didn't matter to her that Hiccup befriended a Night Fury, or killed a dragon with the size of a mountain. Those Scauldrons could've killed her when she tried to leave the island. Hiccup was just a kid. She couldn't forgive herself if anything happened to him.

'There were three Scauldrons, right?' Hiccup asked. Valhallarama nodded. 'Okay, then I think I have a plan'! Hiccup said while he looked at the open sea.

* * *

><p>'Fishlegs! What did you find?' Stoick asked. He and the twins went with Gobber when he came to get them. Stoick sent the twins to fetch Astrid and Snotlout, so they were no waiting for them to arrive.<p>

'Well'! I studied this piece a little closer, and I came to the conclusion-'

'What happened? Did you find them?' Astrid, Snotlout and the twins had arrived, and Astrid was looking around, hoping to find the three Vikings unharmed.

'No, but we found this piece of a boat. A fishing boat from Berk,' Gobber said. Everyone looked at the piece that was in Fishlegs' hands.

'Hiccup'! Stoick murmured under his breath. 'What conclusion did you come to?' He asked aloud.

'You see this marks?' Fishlegs asked, and he held the piece up so

that everyone could see it.

'Those are claw marks. From a Scauldron to be precisely.' Gasps could be heard in the group.

'Oh no,' Astrid muttered, and she held one hand in front of her mouth. She could imagine what could've happened to Hiccup, Mulch and Bucket. They could be hurt, maybe drowned, or evenâ€¦ Astrid didn't want to think of them being eaten. Sure, Hiccup had something with dragons, but even he couldn't do his trick all the time. Like when a dragon appears out of nowhere, it's harder to do it. The surprise can cost you your life if you can't find a way out. Astrid was so lost in her thought, that she didn't notice that Gobber was talking.

'â€¦ And judging by the state this piece is in, I'd say this has been here for a while. So it could be they were attacked somewhere else, and this piece floated all the way here. Or they could be near us.'

'What are we waiting for then? We have to find them! Let's search this area first,' Stoick said.

'Yes sir,' Fishlegs said. He put the piece back in the water; it wouldn't be much more of a use anymore. They all went separate ways, but still stayed close to each other.

* * *

><p>'Okay, the first thing we need is a boat. Because it might be a problem to convince three Scauldrons to bring us back home, we might have a better chance to convince one of them to take us home by pulling the boat,' Hiccup said. That was the first step. The second would be him getting in the water. To get a Scauldron to help them, he needed to gain its trust. And that would probably only work when he was under water. He hadn't told them yet, because he was afraid that Mulch wouldn't let him. He'd almost drowned before, after all.<p>

'That shouldn't be a problem, with the wood that has been collected. It was our first plan when we woke up here,' Mulch said. 'The only problem could be how to connect the wood to make a boat.'

'I've thought of that too,' Hiccup said. 'We don't have to build a boat with a boat-like shape. You see, when I was little, and before I became Gobber's apprentice, I used to make those a lot.'

Valhallarama smiled. 'Yes, I remember. That was before that dragon raid, wasn't it?' Hiccup nodded.

'To cut to the business, we just need to make a platform, or something that could relate to that. But it has to be capable to hold all four of us,' Hiccup said. Mulch and Bucket nodded, and they retrieved everything that had been gathered the first day they've been here. They all worked in silence, and after a while they had managed to set up a frame.

'I think we should continue this tomorrow. It's getting late, and we need to eat something too,' Valhallarama said while she looked up to the sky. The others followed her gaze, and although Hiccup didn't

like to stop working on it, he knew that Valhallarama was only acting reasonable. Who knew how far away they were from Berk. It might take a while before they could eat something again while they were at sea. That was, if Hiccup could manage to gain the trust of one Scauldron.

10. Chapter 10

****A/N****

****I don't know what to think of this chapter. I'm not really satisfied with it, but I don't know what I could change to make it better, either. So, to prevent you from waiting any longer, I've decided to give it a shot, and I'm really, really sorry if it's not what you've expected.******

>

****Thanks to _Doomsday BeamXD_ and _Phoenixofmyth_ for their support, and of course thanks to everyone else who's read/followed/favorited this story!****

*** * ***

><p>Mulch was trying his hardest to make the raft, but sometimes, when it didn't went as planned, his inner Viking stepped up, and he would get irritated. Just like now.**<p>**

'You stupid excuse of a raft! Why won't you work with me?' Mulch muttered. But it was enough for Hiccup to hear him. He walked over towards his side, and tried to figure out what the problem was. It didn't take long for Hiccup to see what was wrong; his experiences with building rafts in his childhood was really helping him out to make a pretty good one, which worked really well too.

'Wait Mulch. Look, there's nothing to worry about,' he said, and he took the vine -which they used as rope- they'd found on the island. 'If you put this like this around the poles, or whatever you may call them, they'll fit.' Hiccup said, while he tied the vine around the poles, just like he'd said. Mulch paid a lot of attention towards what Hiccup was doing, and he soon realized what he did wrong.

'Thanks Hiccup,' he said, and he really meant it. Mulch was getting sick of the island, and he just wanted to leave. So when tried to tie the rope to make the raft secure, and it wouldn't work, he got upset. Hiccup nodded and left Mulch alone, probably to think of how to train one of the Scauldrons. Valhallarama was working on the other side of the raft, and Bucket insisted that he'd get some food. They tried to prevent him from that, but he was being stubborn. And because they just weren't in the mood to keep an eye on him all the time, they let him go. But they told him not to go too far, or they would leave without him. Of course, they would never do that, but it got Bucket's attention, and he promised to stay near.

'Hey Mulch,' Valhallarama said. Mulch looked up, and wondered what she wanted from him.

'Could you tell me what had happened on Outcast Island? I asked Hiccup, but he said he didn't want to talk about it,' she asked.

Mulch looked at her, and was wondering if he should tell her. But the look in her eyes told him that she was ready for whatever he was going to tell her. So he took a breath, and while they continued to build the raft, he spoke. Valhallarama was shocked to hear what Hiccup's been through, and she understood more of him. While Mulch told Hiccup's story, the raft neared it's perfect state. The timing couldn't be any better, because when Mulch was finished, the raft was too.

Valhallarama looked behind her to see Hiccup staring at the sea. She found it unfair that Hiccup had to go through such things while he still was so young. When she was his age, the only thing she needed to worry about was dragon training. And because she was one of the best in the class, she didn't even have to pay lots of focus. She could easily live her life, with no worries at all. Those came when she reached adulthood.

When she looked at her son, she couldn't help but to see Stoick in his features. Sure, he wasn't the big, bulky man his father was, but they still shared some similarities. The way he was standing there, just like his father when he was younger. And those emerald green eyes, the same as Stoick's. She noticed that he even talked a little like him. She was so lost in her thoughts, she didn't notice Hiccup turning around. He'd felt like he was being watched, and to see his mother's gaze towards him, his feelings were confirmed.

'Mom? Is something wrong?' Valhallarama was pulled out of her thought, and shook her head a little, as if she was trying to shake her mind into focus.

'Noâ€¦ Nothing's wrong, dear,' she finally responded. Hiccup just shrugged his shoulders. After all, he sometimes spaced out a little too.

'I'm sorry!' The three Vikings looked up in the direction the sound came from, and they saw Bucket walking out of the foliage. 'I couldn't find any food!' he said, and he threw his hands up in the air.

'Don't worry Bucket,' Mulch said. 'It's no big deal. We still have enough from yesterday, see?' he pointed towards the bucket Valhallarama brought with her, filled with all sorts of berries, and another bucket filled with fish. It took them a while to gather the food, but when they did, they had more than enough. Bucket nodded when he took a look at it, and smiled.

'Yeahâ€¦ You're right. But I just wanted to do something helpful, and I thought this was the perfect thing for me to do, since we do this at home too. You know, getting food for everyone, and that sort of stuff.' Mulch smiled at that comment. His friend never changed a bit.

'I know. And thank you for that, Bucket,' he finally responded. It was then that they noticed the sun had set, and everyone knew they needed to rest now, in order to have enough energy to sail who-knows how long. So without saying a word, everyone lay down, and made themselves comfortable. It didn't take long for everyone to enter the blissful realm of dreams.

* * *

><p>'We'll look for them tomorrow. It's getting late, and we need our rest,' Gobber stated. It was true. They had been searching for the rest of the day in the area where they found the piece of the fishing boat. But the longer they searched, the more it pointed towards the fact that they weren't near, and that the piece was just here by coincidence.<p>

Stoick looked at his best friend. He didn't want to stop, he didn't want to give up on his son, only for something as stupid as sleep. But deep down he knew he was right. Not only did they get their rest, it would also be better for them to search in the day-light. In the dark, it was easy to overlook something, and it would be easier to miss Hiccup, Mulch and Bucket because they thought they'd searched that area, and that they weren't there. No, that mustn't happen. 'You're right,' he said, and he steered Thornado in the direction of Berk. 'But when the sun comes up tomorrow, I'll be searching.'

Gobber nodded. Although he didn't have a son himself, he knew how Stoick must be feeling. Maybe he was even blaming himself right now. He looked at the man that was his best friend since they were younger, and he could see the worry that was etched on his face since Hiccup, Mulch and Bucket were missing. Gobber could already imagine how relieved Stoick would be when they'd found Hiccup, or when he would return on his own, because Gobber truly believed the young Viking would. He could be anything but a Viking, he still had the ability to use his brains before taking action, and Gobber just knew that Hiccup would be all right, with the help of Mulch and Bucket.

11. Chapter 11

****A/N****

****Okay, I have a monster of a chapter for you today! See it as a apology for letting you waiting for it. I'm sorry to tell you, but this story too, is nearing it's end. Like I'd said before, it isn't as long as *_**Black**_*_Hollow._**** But I hope you all liked it!****

****My thanks to ****_Doomsday BeamXD, Phoenixofmyth _****and ****_Daughter of Thor_**** for reviewing, and thanks to everyone else who's followed, favorited and/or read this story so far!****

****Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD nor its characters.****

*** * ***

><p>Mulch was trying his hardest to make the raft, but sometimes, when it didn't went as planned, his inner Viking stepped up, and he would get irritated. Just like now.<p>

'You stupid excuse of a raft! Why won't you work with me?' Mulch muttered. But it was enough for Hiccup to hear him. He walked over towards his side, and tried to figure out what the problem was. It didn't take long for Hiccup to see what was wrong; his experiences with building rafts in his childhood was really helping him out to

make a pretty good one, which worked really well too.

'Wait Mulch. Look, there's nothing to worry about,' he said, and he took the vine -which they used as rope- they'd found on the island. 'If you put this like this around the poles, or whatever you may call them, they'll fit.' Hiccup said, while he tied the vine around the poles, just like he'd said. Mulch paid a lot of attention towards what Hiccup was doing, and he soon realized what he did wrong.

'Thanks Hiccup,' he said, and he really meant it. Mulch was getting sick of the island, and he just wanted to leave. So when tried to tie the rope to make the raft secure, and it wouldn't work, he got upset. Hiccup nodded and left Mulch alone, probably to think of how to train one of the Scauldrons. Valhallarama was working on the other side of the raft, and Bucket insisted that he'd get some food. They tried to prevent him from that, but he was being stubborn. And because they just weren't in the mood to keep an eye on him all the time, they let him go. But they told him not to go too far, or they would leave without him. Of course, they would never do that, but it got Bucket's attention, and he promised to stay near.

'Hey Mulch,' Valhallarama said. Mulch looked up, and wondered what she wanted from him.

'Could you tell me what had happened on Outcast Island? I asked Hiccup, but he said he didn't want to talk about it,' she asked. Mulch looked at her, and was wondering if he should tell her. But the look in her eyes told him that she was ready for whatever he was going to tell her. So he took a breath, and while they continued to build the raft, he spoke. Valhallarama was shocked to hear what Hiccup's been through, and she understood more of him. While Mulch told Hiccup's story, the raft neared it's perfect state. The timing couldn't be any better, because when Mulch was finished, the raft was too.

Valhallarama looked behind her to see Hiccup staring at the sea. She found it unfair that Hiccup had to go through such things while he still was so young. When she was his age, the only thing she needed to worry about was dragon training. And because she was one of the best in the class, she didn't even have to pay lots of focus. She could easily live her life, with no worries at all. Those came when she reached adulthood.

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* * *

><p>The next day was no success. No sign of Hiccup, Mulch and/or Bucket had been found. Some were even starting to lose hope. It wasn't until the next day that Stoick and Gobber decided to re-plan the whole search party. So now Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout and Tuffnut were at the plaza. Ruffnut hated to wait, so she went to feed Barf and Belch. Everyone hoped that they would find Mulch, Bucket and Hiccup soon, but without a plan, they weren't sure if they were able to succeed. And now they did nothing but waiting at the plaza for their chief and blacksmith to return with a new plan. But even that wasn't succeeding.

Tuffnut had tried to cheer everyone up a little, but nothing worked.

He hated it when people just did nothing. He had to do something.

'Ugh, why are you all so boring? I mean, it's not like someone died, right?' he asked. Astrid and Snotlout looked at him as if they would attack him this instant, and Fishlegs backed up when he too saw those glares directed towards Tuffnut.

'Are you serious?' Astrid yelled. 'Our best friend is missing! He might be hurt, or even dead!' The thought of Hiccup being dead became almost too much for her. So she turned around, hoping no one would see the tears that were threatening to fall. Snotlout looked at her with a sorrowful expression before he turned towards Tuffnut.

'Look, I'm sorry that we're not acting like we use to before all this happened. But we're just worried. You're worried too, right?' he asked.

Of course Tuffnut was worried. But he couldn't understand why everyone was acting so depressive. It wasn't like that would help to find Hiccup, Bucket and Mulch. He hoped that he could distract everyone, even for a little while. But it seemed like that wouldn't happen.

Tuffnut looked at the others one more time. 'Fine,' he then said, and he walked away at a quick pace.

He walked past the forge, towards his house. When he rounded the corner of his house, he found Ruffnut still feeding their dragon.

Hearing someone, Ruffnut turned around. 'Hey, what's up?' she asked when she saw his expression.

When he didn't respond, she walked towards the shack where they kept the saddles of Barf and Belch.

'Let's go flying, and then you'll tell me what happened.' Tuffnut nodded, and took Belch's saddle. His sister always knew what was best for him, and was always able to cheer him up when needed. Just like right now. Sometimes he felt bad, because he couldn't do the same for her. Whenever he tried to, he would eventually say something not-helpful, and she wouldn't feel any better. Maybe even worse.

Ruffnut had a feeling why her brother was upset. He wasn't someone who'd be sad or down for long. And sometimes he just didn't understand it when someone else was feeling down about something longer than he was. He just wanted to have fun, even in hard times.

So Ruffnut was guessing that was what had happened with the others before he came to her and their dragon.

'Can we go now?' Tuffnut asked. Belch's saddle was secured, and he was ready to leave the island for a little while. Ruffnut nodded, and after they'd mounted their dragon, they took off.

* * *

><p>'Now, what happened?' Ruffnut asked when they'd flown for a pretty long time, because the sun was almost setting.<p>

Tuffnut looked at her confused. 'What? Something has happened?' he asked. Because of the flying, he'd forgotten why or when he was upset.

'You never change, do you?' Ruffnut responded, while she shook her head. Tuffnut only looked at her more confused.

_And that's why you are my brother, _ Ruffnut thought.

* * *

><p>'Are we there yet?' Bucket asked for the fourth time.<p>

'No Bucket, I don't know if we're there yet,' Mulch responded. They were lucky that the wind went in the direction Bucket, Mulch and Hiccup had come from. Valhallarama had remembered that she had a bear skin in her little house, and now it'd become a make-shift sail. And it proved to be a good sail, but it still to a lot of time for them to gain some distance from the island. Hiccup still lay unconscious at the center of the raft, with Valhallarama keeping an eye on him. She was so scared for him when he tried to tame that Scauldron. Thinking of it made her shudder. What if it was all too late?

* * *

><p>The four Vikings had woken up when the sun was already rising. The birds were already up and were constantly whistling.

'All right. We should leave as soon as possible. That way we have most of the day to reach Berk or whatever island we may reach,' Hiccup said when everyone had woken up.

'Are you sure you want to do this, Hiccup? I mean, what if something goes wrong?' Valhallarama asked.

'I promise you it won't go wrong. You just have to trust me, mom.' Hiccup gave her a reassuring smile, before he took a long vine. One end he wound around his waist, the other he gave to Valhallarama.

'I want you to hold this when I'm in the water. If something goes wrong, I'll tug at it twice. Then you'll have to pull me up. If I don't tug, don't pull.' Valhallarama looked from the vine in her hand towards her son. He really wanted to do this. She felt like she couldn't take it any longer. Without a warning, she took one step towards her son and hugged him tightly.

'I'm so proud of you,' she whispered. When she let go, she could see the faint smile that was on his lips.

'Thanks, mom.' After he'd said that, he walked over towards the raft. 'Wellâ€¦ Let's go, shall we?' Everyone nodded, and after they'd pushed to raft off of the beach, they stepped up on it. Hiccup waited for them to be far enough from the island, before he turned around to look at the others.

'Wellâ€¦ Here goes nothing.' Then he jumped into the water. Valhallarama gripped her end of the vine unconsciously tighter, and waited for him to tug at the rope. The only thing she could do now was wait and hope everything would go like they'd planned.

_When Hiccup broke the surface of the sea, he couldn't help the chills that went up his spine. The water was colder than he'd expected, and he had to clear his mind a bit to calm down from the surprise. He felt a dÃ©jÃ vu from his dream he had before he was stranded on the island. _

_Once he was calm, he looked around. He didn't see any Scauldrons. Hiccup sighed in his mind. What now? He looked once more before his hand reached to tug at the rope. But then he felt a presence behind him. And Hiccup knew exactly what it was. He turned around and found himself standing, wellâ€¦ floating, eye in eye with a Scauldron. It was green, with some specks of blue. His eyes were a dull grey, and Hiccup could see that the Scauldron wasn't really pleased with them leaving their island. They looked at each other for a while, and then Hiccup raised his arm slowly. _

The Scauldron didn't understand what was happening. Every time it had faced a human, it would be attacked. But this human didn't. Maybe because he was so tiny? Maybe he knew that he didn't stand a chance against the leader of the Scauldrons in this territory? Did the human even know that he was the leader?

* * *

><p>When Hiccup turned his gaze away from the Scauldron, it became even more confused. Somehow, he felt himself moving slowly towards the inviting palm of the hand the human held in front of him. But when he could almost touch it with his snout, his two companions appeared. They were furious. They spat boiling water towards Hiccup, and because Hiccup had his gaze turned away, he didn't see it.

Suddenly, Hiccup felt himself being pushed away. And by the force of surprise, he let go of the oxygen that remained in his lungs.

* * *

><p>Nothing had happened for a while. Valhallarama, Bucket and Mulch were trying to see something in the water, but all they could see was the blue water.

How long will it be before he needs air?' Mulch wondered. Although he could easily last this long under water without fresh air, Hiccup was smaller, and probably had smaller lungs. So Mulch knew he had to run out of oxygen soon.

Then, out of nowhere, something tugged the vine. Not expecting such force, the vine was drawn out of Valhallarama's grip.

Hiccup!' she shouted. It took a second to realize what must've happened. And when Valhallarama did, she jumped into the water to get the vine that was floating a few feet away from her. She had to get it, and then pull Hiccup out of the water. Valhallarama wanted to get the vine as quick as possible, hoping that she wouldn't be too late.

* * *

><p>Hiccup looked around to see what had pushed him, when he saw the Scauldron he was trying to befriend floating in front of him. Protecting him. Hiccup smiled inwardly. He did it! But soon panic settled in. He needed air, right now! He tugged at the rope, but nothing happened. He tugged again, and again nothing happened. Knowing that there wasn't another option, he swam towards the surface. But it was farther than he'd expected.

The Scauldron that had protected him didn't notice him swimming away, but the two others did. They didn't wait a second to fire more boiling water towards Hiccup. Lucky for him, they missed just by an inch. But the force was enough to shake him like a rag doll through the water. Hiccup's lungs screamed for air, and he swam again. One of the two Scauldrons prepared another shot, and the Scauldron that had protected Hiccup tried to reach him in time. But the Scauldron fired, and hit Hiccup. He screamed, he couldn't stop it. The water around him was so hot. But it wasn't as bad as he'd expected. Maybe it was because of the cold seawater? The leader of the Scauldrons hissed, and floated again protectively around Hiccup. When he was sure he'd convinced the two Scauldrons to leave them alone, he took Hiccup towards the surface. Hiccup, in the meantime, was losing consciousness, and the last thing he felt was the fresh air blowing against his skin.

* * *

><p>The leader of the Scauldrons had pulled them away from the island, after he'd met Bucket and Mulch. He was still a bit offensive against Valhallarama, but he let it be. After Bucket gave him some of their fish, he soon trusted them enough to let them leave their territory. He trusted them to not let other people know of their place. Because that was why they didn't let anyone who'd entered it leave. They were afraid people might attack them and their island.<p>

And then the Scauldron left them, because they'd reached the end of their territory. And now, they had to peddle and rely on the wind to get home.

Valhallarama stoked Hiccup's hair subconsciously. She couldn't help but smile at the way it resembled hers so good. Everyone who'd seen him when he was little, told them he had his mother's hair, and his father's eyes. And Valhallarama was proud of that.

Because it proved that Hiccup was theirs. And she was even more proud of him, because he'd fought for his life when he was first born. Seven weeks to soon. It was a hard time for them all. First of all, people thought Hiccup was a runt. That he wouldn't make it. But he had proven them all wrong. When he'd smiled for the first time, weeks after he was born, Valhallarama knew he would be a strong and smart Viking.

And when she looked at him now, she was glad that she'd been right. Before her lay a smart boy. And maybe he wasn't strong on the outside, she knew he was on the inside.

Slowly, Hiccup's eyes opened, and he smiled when he saw his mother's

face above his. 'Mom,' he said softly, and Valhallarama couldn't help the tears of relief that made their way down her cheeks.

'Hiccup. Never, ever scare me like that again,' she said while she hugged him tightly.

'I can't promise you that one. We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard,' Hiccup responded.

Bucket and Mulch chuckled at that comment, because it remembered them of the past. Valhallarama smiled too, knowing that her son was okay. However, said person was looking past her, an expression of disbelief on his face. Valhallarama noticed Hiccup's sudden change of behavior, and immediately grew worried. 'Hiccup?' she asked.

'Zipplebackâ€¦' he muttered.

This only confused he more. 'Zippleback? What are you talking about?' She didn't get a response, though.

Hiccup couldn't believe what he was seeing. 'No wayâ€¦' he muttered. If that was the Zippleback Hiccup thought it was, then they were saved! But he couldn't be sure, because the Zippleback was too far away to recognize. However, when Hiccup saw the dragon head-butt their heads, his thought were confirmed.

Although he still felt weak, Hiccup stood up, and leaned on the mast for support. He then cupped his hands in front of his mouth and let out a Zippleback call.

'Hiccup! What are you doing?' Valhallarama asked, irritated that she wasn't given an answer.

But Mulch and Bucket understood what was happening, and stood up as well.

Hiccup didn't see the Barf and Belch coming towards them, so he called again. This time the Zippleback turned, and flew in their direction.

'Oh my gods! Yes! Finally!' Hiccup yelled.

'Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third! I want an explanation now!' Valhallarama demanded. Hiccup turned around to face her, and was surprised that she didn't understand what was happening. But then he mentally slapped himself. _Of course she wouldn't, she doesn't know who the Zippleback was, and who were riding him_, Hiccup thought.

'Mom, that dragon is Barf and Belch. That's the dragon that had bonded with Ruffnut and Tuffnut,' he explained.

'Ruffnut and Tuffnut? Tell me, who are they exactly?' Valhallarama asked. 'I haven't seen anyone from Berk in twelve years, so don't expect me to know everybody,' she said with a little smile.

'Ruffnut and Tuffnut are the Thorston twins, remember? A passion for destruction, wreaking havoc, most of the time irresponsibleâ€¦' Now Valhallarama remembered. Once, they managed to get her axe stuck in the top of a tree. It took a lot of effort to retrieve it. She smiled

at the memory. She'd always been fond of children, and just couldn't stay mad at them. She was curious of how they'd turned out to be. And it seemed like she would get her answer really soon, because the Zippleback came closer and closer towards them.

* * *

><p>AN**

Like I said in the Author's Note above, I hope you liked it!

12. Chapter 12

A/N

This is it. The last chapter... I can't believe I have to end it, but it's just part of writing a story. It has to end some time. I hope you all liked it, because I did. I won't be posting a new story soon, I first want to change what I have into something better. I won't change the whole plot of **_Black Hollow, Be there fore you _****and this story, I'll just change anything that will make the chapters better.**

I want to thank:

** - Ami**

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** - Guest**

** - Phoenixofmyth**

** - Kaddlin**

** - britney s**

for their reviews, and of course everyone else who's supported me by following, favoring or just reading this story!

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* * *

><p>When the sun started to set, Ruffnut and Tuffnut decided it was time to head back home, if they wanted to be in time for dinner. So they steered Barf and Belch in the direction of Berk, but suddenly, the Zippleback wouldn't listen. It's heads moved into every direction, as if it had heard a sound, but couldn't locate where it was coming from. Just then, the same sound was heard by the dragon, and now it recognized and located it. It was a Zippleback call, and it came from the direction of the open sea. Ignoring the questions and complaints from its riders, it flew south, towards the sound.<p>

Ruffnut and Tuffnut looked at each other. What had gotten into their

dragon?

'Home is the other way, butt-heads!' Tuffnut said, and he tried to get the dragon to go in the other direction, the one that led towards Berk. But he was stopped by his sister.

'No, wait!' she said, and then she pointed to something that was in down at the sea. 'Look!'

At first, Tuffnut didn't see anything, because of the sun. But when he squinted his eyes, he could see a speck in the distance. As they flew nearer, the speck changed into the form of a sailboat-like structure. And after another while, Tuffnut could make out the people that were on the raft – he guessed it was a raft. There were four people. Three were the bulky, Viking-like size. The other was small and tiny compared to the other three, just like – Hiccup. Realization hit the twins as a hammer in the face. They'd found them! They'd actually found them! And they were alive too! The twins couldn't hide their smiles when they'd reached the raft. They could now see each other clearly. Mulch and Bucket seemed a bit tired, and Hiccup seemed exhausted. Maybe it was because he looked beaten up as well. And then there was that woman who looked vaguely familiar to Ruffnut and Tuffnut. But they couldn't think of how they would know each other. She was holding Hiccup by his shoulders, as if he would collapse if she didn't. Which wouldn't be too strange, compared to the condition he appeared to be.

It was Ruffnut who asked the question she and Tuffnut wanted to ask right away when they'd found them: 'What happened?'

The woman only smiled a little, and Hiccup looked at his feet. Bucket and Mulch looked at each other before Mulch answered: 'Let's tell that once we're back on Berk, because it's a long story.'

Meanwhile, Hiccup had sat down, not being able to stand much longer.

'You okay?' Tuffnut asked. Hiccup looked up to see the worried expression Tuffnut had. He couldn't believe he was actually seeing this. Just out of the blue they saw the twins flying on Barf and Belch not so far away from them, and they actually came when Hiccup had called, but now Tuffnut was showing concern as well. This had to be some kind of cruel dream. But when he'd pinched himself he was convinced that it was all real. They had come to save them, and Tuffnut was really worrying about Hiccup.

Remembering that Tuffnut had asked him if he was okay, he nodded. He obviously wasn't, but Tuffnut could see it was just to tell him he needed some rest, so he didn't bother about it much.

'So – Are we far away from Berk?' Mulch asked. Tuffnut turned his attention towards said Viking.

'On a raft, yes. On a dragon, not so much,' he responded.

'I guess we could give you guys a lift?' Ruffnut said. They all nodded, and the woman who was with Mulch, Bucket and Hiccup looked around, and handed the dragon a thick vine when she'd found it.

'This'll do,' she said. Ruffnut and Tuffnut nodded, and patted their dragon's necks. The dragon turned around, and at a gentle pace, they went towards Berk.

* * *

><p>Snotlout, Astrid and Fishlegs were sitting at their table in the Great Hall, eating their dinner.<p>

'I wonder where the twins are?' Fishlegs asked. They hadn't seen them for a while, and he was beginning to worry about them.

Snotlout looked up from his chicken leg, and said: 'Nah, I don't care. Less people means more food after all!' But then he saw the glares Astrid and Fishlegs were giving him. 'And besides, I saw them take off on Barf and Belch over an hour ago,' he quickly added.

'I'm still worried though,' Fishlegs said. 'I don't want another two of us going missing.' He looked down at his plate. Normally, he would have a Viking-like appetite. But now he wasn't in the mood. They'd heard that they would look tomorrow, and if they didn't find Bucket, Mulch and Hiccup by the end of that day, they would be declared dead. And just the thought of no Hiccup around to help him with dragon problems " if he ever had them " and other stuff, was hard to accept. Fishlegs glanced towards Astrid, and saw that she had a hard time accepting it too. Since she'd met Toothless, she and Hiccup had been like best friends. Even more than best friends after a while. Of all the people on Berk, Stoick and Astrid would have the hardest time with accepting the loss of Hiccup. And of all the dragons, well, it would be Toothless of course.

Everyone was startled when the doors of the Hall suddenly opened. They all looked up from their meals to see who'd been that late for dinner. But when Mulch entered, Bucket following in tow, everyone started to murmur. But then everyone realized what was happening, and one by one they started to cheer and welcome them back home.

Stoick was first shocked to see his most loyal friends just walking into the Hall, but then he started to look for the person that had to be with them: Hiccup. Just like Astrid, Snotlout, Fishlegs and Gobber he made his way towards the entrance. And there he stood. He looked like he could need a lot of rest, but he stood there. Overwhelmed with joy, Stoick took his son in a bone-crushing hug. Oh how he'd missed the presence of his son. Hiccup's scent filled his nostrils, and he couldn't think of a time he'd been happier than this. He closed his eyes to let this happening sink in. But when he opened them again, he was meted with a sight he'd never expected to see again. There, in the opening of the Great Hall, stood Valhallarama. His Valhallarama. His wife. Hiccup's mother. The woman he'd missed every day since that day twelve years ago. She stood just a few feet away from him. Their gazes met, and it was as if everything around Stoick disappeared. He gently let go of Hiccup, and walked over towards her. When he was standing in front of her, he searched for the words he wanted to say, but the only thing that managed to leave his mouth was: 'Valla.' And then, to everyone's utter surprise, he fainted.

* * *

><p>She watched him come closer to her. She couldn't believe that

this was really, actually happening! She never thought she would see her husband ever again, and there they were. Standing in front of each other, not able to find the words to say. But then he found one: 'Valla.' And he fell. Stoick the Vast actually fainted.<p>

'Stoick!' she said while she rushed over to him. He was already trying to get up again, and Valhallarama supported him. Their eyes locked, and when they were standing up right again, he touched her cheek gently. 'You're aliveâ€|' he said, while tears filled his eyes. Valhallarama felt her own eyes watering as well. She'd dreamed of this moment every day, and now it was really happening. The one thing she'd wanted for the past years of her life more than anything, and now her wish came true.

'Butâ€| How?' Stoick asked. Valhallarama smiled. She'd been asked that question a lot lately, but she didn't mind to answer it. But first she led him towards his seat.

'This is going to be a long story.'

* * *

><p>Just like Hiccup had expected, his mother was doing just fine. She'd told him that she was afraid of what would happen when they, and especially she, would just appear out of the blue in the Great Hall. Hiccup managed to convince her that everything would be okay, and that she didn't need to worry. Eventually she listened to him, and now she was telling everyone her story.<p>

He couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy. After years, he and his father managed to get as near as possible to the bond family use to have, and his mother managed to do that in just a few moments. As if she'd never been away in the first place. He knew that she and his father had a past together, but still. Didn't he and his father have that too? Before they became so distant towards each other? Why did they make it seem like his dad liked her more than him? Why did Hiccup suddenly felt so alone?

'You okay?' Hiccup turned around to see Astrid looking worriedly at him. _No, I've been stuck on an island for Thor knows how long, found out my mother is still alive after twelve years of thinking she wasn't, got almost boiled by Scauldrons, spent almost an entire day on a self-made raft at sea, and last of all it seems like my parents are better off without me, because they don't seem to care at all that I'm a part of the family too._

'Yeah, I'm okay,' Hiccup said. Astrid looked at him and it seemed like she didn't buy it.

'You look like you haven't eaten properly for a while, which is understandable, you looked beaten up and you're probably on the verge of passing out. Don't tell me you're okay.'

Hiccup sighed. Sometimes, just like this one, Astrid could read him like an open book.

'All right. I'm just tired, that's all,' he said when he thought he'd closed the book.

'Hiccup, you and I both know that's just a fraction of how you feel,'

Astrid said while she looked at him sternly, one hand on her hip. 'I'll get you something to eat, and then you'll tell me the whole story.' Before Hiccup could protest, she quickly kissed him on the lips before she went to get him a plate of food.

Hiccup looked around, and when his gaze landed on his parents, he saw them standing there happily. She was telling her story, and he had his arm wrapped around her shoulders, as if he would never let her go again. They looked like the perfect couple.

Meanwhile, Astrid had returned, and she ushered him towards a table in the far corner of the Hall.

'Come on,' she said when he first didn't move. When he'd sat down, she put the plate in front of him.

'Eat,' she ordered.

'I'm not hungry.'

'Please Hiccup. I don't know what happened, and I don't know how you're feeling right now, because you won't open up to me. So please, Hiccup. Because I don't know how else I can help you,' Astrid begged. Hiccup looked at her, and saw the sadness and worry in her eyes.

She was right. Of course she was. In the end, she's always right. She couldn't do much to help him, so at least he could accept the help she gave. He took a few bites, and when Astrid was satisfied, she asked: 'Soâ€¦ You want to tell me your story?'

And he did. He told her how they ended up in that storm. He told her about their days on the island. He told her how he'd met his mother. How he'd learned about the Scauldrons. How he came up with a plan to finally go home and how it almost went wrong. He told her everything he'd experienced the past few days, and she listened. She didn't interrupt him, and she kept her questions for when he was done.

* * *

><p>Stoick Had kept an eye on his son while he was listening to Valla's story. He couldn't help but feel proud when she told everyone how Hiccup had tried to get them away from the island, and he felt worried when she told everyone how it almost went wrong. But he knew he didn't have to worry, because here they were, all okay. Sort of.<p>

Stoick could see how everything had made quite an impact on Hiccup, and Stoick vowed to help him change back into the person he was before all this happened. Because the Hiccup he saw now, remembered him of the Hiccup he used to know in the years after Valhallarama's death. He was trying to isolate himself from the rest of the world, and found it hard to open up.

How that had happened, Stoick didn't know. But what he did know, was that Hiccup would be just fine.

* * *

><p>And Toothless?<p>

He'd sensed when his Hiccup had returned, and he wanted nothing more than to run up to him and tackle him. But then saw how exhausted Hiccup was, and how he'd changed. And that was when he knew that Hiccup needed some time alone. But the time would come that he and Hiccup could be like they were before he went missing, and Toothless would be waiting for that day to happen. And when it did, he would never let Hiccup go again.

* * *

><p>AN**

Like I'd said, I won't be posting another story soon, but I wanted to tell you that I'm thinking of an Rise of the Guardians and How to Train Your Dragon crossover. I'm already writing out the plot, but first I want to fix my other stories...

Thank you all for reading this story, and I hope to see you next time!

Forever Me

13. New Story!

A/N

For those who haven't noticed yet: I launched a new story!

It's a crossover between How to Train your Dragon and Rise of the Guardians, and I'll put the summary below.

**Two years ago Pitch had been defeated, and now Jack has to face a whole new adventure. After discovering that his world had been turned upside down, he gets sucked into the world of HTTYD, three years after the war ended. With the help of Hiccup, Jack must find a way back to his time. But how are you supposed to do that when you don't even now how you came here in the first place?**

So for those who were waiting for me to upload it, I finally did! (now I just hope it as already been put in the archive...)

Forever Me

End
file.